



SATURDAY MORNING,

AUGUST 5, 1916.

GERMANS OWN WATER FRONT DANES OFFER FOR SALE.

High Time. ETHARGY IS ENDED.

Strike Bolt Lands Near Wilson.

President is Now Showing a Real Concern Over the Trainmen's Threats.

Unionists Fear Their Attitude may Bring Compulsory Arbitration Law.

(BY D. W. NIGHT WIRE)

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—The

5-cent loaf of bread must go.

This is the cry with which

400 Chicago bakers departed

tonight for Salt Lake City,

Utah, to attend the annual con-

vention of the National Asso-

ciation of Master Bakers and

to attempt to persuade that

body that 10 cents is the low-

est price at which a fair-sized

loaf of bread can be sold with

profit. In the party were

scores of bakers from eastern

cities.

corned, the methods he has under-

consideration are milder, consisting

of an appeal to the patriotism of the

two sides to prevent what he believes

to be a national calamity.

After a conference between

President Wilson and Judge Cham-

bers, of the Federal board of con-

ciliation and mediation, it was an-

nounced in the White House that

the accident is being in close

possible touch with the developments

in connection with the threatened

nation-wide railroad strike.

As an answer to inquiries, Judge

Chambers later made the following

statement:

"Yes, I was called to the White

House this morning by the President,

who wished all the information possi-

ble concerning railroad labor

controversy—in other words, the

President wished to be in definite

touch with the situation. I am sorry

I cannot give you the exact place at

which the interview took place.

The railway employees won the

initial skirmish in the strategic bat-

tle with their employers today when

the railroads and the State and Foreign Commerce tabled a reso-

lution to ask the Interstate Com-

mmission to investigate the

dispute.

It is admitted, however, that Con-

gress probably will take some action

of its own to end the dispute to

the railroads' like.

Compulsory arbitration is among

the possible remedies proposed. The refer-

ence of the whole dispute to the

Interstate Commission is the most

likely remedy, if Congress

so desires. It is to be hoped that

President Wilson is con-

A DIEU, FAREWELL,
GOOD FRIEND.

Five-cent Loaf of Bread is
Doomed by Master
Bakers.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

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(Continued on Third Page.)

Diplomacy. OPPOSITION IN SENATE TO INSULAR PURCHASE.

Price for West Indian Possessions Held
to be Entirely Too High.

BY JOHN CALDAN O'DAUGHLIN.

BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Aug. 4.—The

treaty for the sale of the

Danish West Indies to the United

States, signed in New York this

morning, will be opposed in the Sen-

ate on the following grounds:

1.—That the water front of St.

Thomas, the important port at

which the navy desires as a base

for the defense of the continental

United States and Panama Canal,

is owned by German shipping

corporations.

2.—That the price of \$25,000,-

000 is excessive in view of the

fact that the Danish govern-

ment, though not the Danish

Parliament, accepted \$25,000,-

000 a decade ago.

3.—That the Democratic party

cannot continue the policy of

seeking a purchase of islands

entirely by negotiation, as was

done in the case of the Philippines.

4.—That the Democratic party

is not in a position to make

any statement that may be

given out for publication touching

the conference with the Danish

government, as the negotiations

are secret, and the negotiations

SATURDAY MORNING.

AUGUST 5, 1916.—[PART I.]

ake Fleury.

ous Rule
on is exposed.Care of Democrat
Congressman.

EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH]

is to find a market for their
ton."He bitterly denounced the Democratic
claim of responsibility, showing the
swift crumbling of good times by
the Underwood tariff bill went into
effect. He mentioned the Wilson
claim that it was "a good bill, a
good bill" and the fact that millions
in the face of that declaration
timed to close. He showed how
bad times continued until 10,000,
000 men were out of work and the
industrial Reid and east to war, for
open American mills."When you boast of the prosperity
now with us," he said, "you do
not consider the great
dying. Talk not to me of
prosperity that is sailing the
boat of a Christian civilization. I
prefer a normal life today
than the time being, all Europe
competition is removed."

REVERSALS OF POLICY.

Referring to Mr. Wilson's recent
reversals of policy, he remarked,
"The President's"sin-track" mind that every
track railway has a turntable
surrendered at the beginning
of the administration and had
going around ever since.Mr. Rosenbergs said he was
a member of the Cleveland
Dodge, vice-president of the Dodge
Company, the Secretary to the
last spring, which was followed
by an order of Secretary Lanahan
to the railway to be struck
into Mexico. The Phelps-Dodge
company, which makes munitions
and the like, has given \$100,000 to the
Democratic campaign of 1912, Mr. Dodge
declared."The ammunition was subse-
quently seized," said Mr. Rosenbergs,
"where ten of our boys,
including two officers, lost their
lives. If there should be any
concern between the Dodge and
the railway, we will make the
necessary concessions, with a strike
the result."

STRIKE A CERTAINTY.

The members who know the union
plan, he said, "will regard the
making strike as a certainty.
A few of them look on it as fraught
with possibilities which even the
most ardent supporters of arbitration
have not been able to conceive.
The resolution was to be tabled,
which it was, without formality.

ACTION IN TENNESSEE.

"It was determined," said Chair-
man Newlands, "to have no strike
unless the President's"sin-track" mind that every
track railway has a turntable
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of the administration and had
going around ever since.Mr. Rosenbergs said he was
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concern between the Dodge and
the railway, we will make the
necessary concessions, with a strike
the result."The employees' plans were ex-
plained in detail by an emissary of
the four brotherhoods whose mem-
bership is so great and so varied,
and in the opinion of their rep-
resentative in the movement
they are to be regarded as
the most important."The railway managers and the
representatives of the railroad or-
ganizations," said a letter from the
railroad brotherhood officials, "will
not be swayed by any of the
possibilities which even the
most ardent supporters of arbitration
have not been able to conceive.
The resolution was to be tabled,
which it was, without formality.

EMPLOYEES DISSENT.

The railroad men have
not been swayed by the
commission's consideration of the
possibilities which even the
most ardent supporters of arbitration
have not been able to conceive.
The resolution was to be tabled,
which it was, without formality.The strike possibility was taken up
briefly by the Cabinet, but no decision
of any sort was attempted.

GUNSHOT.

MAKES A UNION SECRET
ON A UNION OUTRAGE.

BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH]

C HICAGO BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Aug. 4.—R. J. Shields,
secretary of the Electrical
Workers' Union, No. 134, recovering
from gunshot wounds in Alexian
Brothers Hospital, failed to aid the
armored automobile who attacked him and
his wife Wednesday night."I'll take care of my own troubles;
just let me alone," Shields told
from State's Attorney Hoyne's
office.The railroad men told
different story. They told it to
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SATURDAY MORNING.

Forest Hills.

SABAUGH
ENNIS FINALS.comes His Slashing, Sensa-
Harvey Snodgrass with
is Before Mace — Finals
Today.

M. HENRY.

beating Miss Grieves, 6-1, the latter match was much be-
cause it sounds and Miss Grieves
a splendid fight, especially in the
opening set.

THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Widdowson and Mrs. Henry
all better for the married ladies
championship in the lower half of
the draw. Miss Widdowson, in
defeat and Mrs. Henry having
made the boat by a moonlight
despite of Miss Mace, 6-4, 6-4.Winnie and Snodgrass look like
the class of the juniors in both
singles, and although this semi-
final Rager person from Santa
Barbara, 6-4, 6-4, was beaten in
the semi-final round of the
titles.Interest in semi-final Saturday
is in the children, round of
men's doubles, when Brod and
Duncan, winners, meet Snaugh
and Wayne, the present hold-
ers. Each team has a chance
to hold the trophy and the
match will become the permanent
possession of the trophy.

TODAY'S SCHEDULE.

At 8 a.m.—Winnie vs. Rager
over vs. Snodgrass.At 8:30 a.m.—Dague and Dene-
Harry and Phillips; Miss Mans-
en and Snaugh vs. Miss Sutton
and Wayne.At 8:45 a.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son and Cornett vs. Miss Cassell
and Townsend; Reinke and Reinke
vs. Raine and Baine.At 9 a.m.—Ledyard and Al-
Winnie and Snodgrass; Carton
and Howes vs. Donley and Clover.At 11 a.m.—Miss Sutton vs. Miss
Mace; Staatsford and Jeffrey vs.
Dugue-Duque vs. Barry.At 11:45 a.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, Mrs. Henry; finals in women's
singles, Miss Mansen vs.
Grieves.At 12:30 p.m.—Upper semi-final
doubles; lower semi-final
doubles.At 2 p.m.—Challenge match
in men's doubles, Browne and Dunc-
kens, vs. Wayne and Snaugh,
defenders.At 2:45 p.m.—Finals in junior
singles.At 3:30 p.m.—Finals women's
open singles.At 4:15 p.m.—Men's open
singles; Wayne vs. Snaugh; final
junior doubles.At 5:30 p.m.—Finals mixed
doubles; final in consolation singles.

RESULTS.

Men's open singles: Snaugh
vs. Snaugh, 6-4, 6-4; Mac-
Lean, 6-4, 6-4; MacLean, 6-4, 6-4;Men's doubles: Horrell and Rau-
ben Jones and Kimes, 6-4, 6-4;Women's open singles: Winnie
and Snodgrass, 6-4, 6-4; Dene-
Harry and Phillips; Carton and
Howes vs. Donley and Clover.Men's doubles: Reinke brother
and Bush and Snaugh, 6-4, 6-4;Women's doubles: Mrs. Widdow-
son and Cornett, 6-4, 6-4; Snodgrass
and Wayne, 6-4, 6-4; Snodgrass
and Wayne, 6-4, 6-4.Junior doubles: Reinke brother
and Bush and Snaugh, 6-4, 6-4;Women's open singles: Miss
Grieves, 6-1, 6-1; Mrs. Henry, 6-1,
6-1; Mrs. Henry beat Miss Mansen,
6-4, 6-4.Mixed doubles: Miss Mansen
and Snaugh vs. Mrs. Widdow-
son and Cornett; beat Mrs. Henry
and Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4.Women's open singles: Miss
Grieves, 6-1, 6-1; Mrs. Henry, 6-1,
6-1; Mrs. Henry beat Miss Mansen,
6-4, 6-4.The game was a pic-
ture. Score.

SAN FRANCISCO.

At 8 a.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, 6-4, 6-4; Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;

At 10 a.m.—Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;

At 12:30 p.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, 6-4, 6-4; Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;At 2 p.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, 6-4, 6-4; Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;At 4:15 p.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, 6-4, 6-4; Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;At 5:30 p.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, 6-4, 6-4; Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;At 6:30 p.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
son, 6-4, 6-4; Mrs. Henry, 6-4, 6-4;At 8:30 p.m.—Mrs. Widdow-
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THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Patriotic Services.
Patriotic services will be held at 8 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at Patriotic Hall, No. 1816 South Figueroa street, with Dr. W. M. Sapp as the speaker.

To Tear up Track.
A plan to abandon and remove 416 feet of track at Elstans station was given the Pacific Electric yesterday through an order of the State Railroad Commission.

On Fashion Plate.
An illustrated lecture on the "Fashion Plate of Obscenities" will be given at 7:45 o'clock, Tuesday evening, in the auditorium of the Young Women's Christian Association, by Dr. D. W. Miller, M.D.

To Take on Store.
E. H. Hallcock of the Overland Monthly will deliver a lecture at the Y.M.C.A. at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, on "How to Write a Short Story." The lecture will be free to the public.

A Beach Excursion.
Through the courtesy of the Santa Fe, 500 pupils of the Macy-school and their teachers were taken to Redondo Beach yesterday for an outing.

Castelar.
The pupils and teachers of the Castelar school will be the Santa Fe's guests on an excursion the 16th inst.

At Greystone Park.
"Greystone Suite" is one of the special numbers for the concert that will be given at Greystone Park tomorrow afternoon by Ernestine's Band. Harry Stoen and Perry Stoen will appear in vocal parts, while Frank King, xylophonist, will play.

Local Man Honored.
Notice that he had been elected western vice-president of the International Sales Managers' Association was received here yesterday by F. R. Weitzman, president of the Los Angeles branch.

W. Aust.
The name of W. Aust, who was sent out over the name of F. W. Aust, retiring secretary of the association.

Christian Science Services.
Each of the nine Christian Science churches of this city will hold services tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 5 o'clock, except Friday and Ninth, charged with services and services and Fifth Church, where services begin at 7:45 o'clock in the evening. The subject for tomorrow is "Spirit."

How the Rain Came.
Services of the Young Women's Christian Association took part last evening in a fair-raising at the athletic clubroom in Huntington Park in celebration of the completion of a number of improvements there. A second story has been added to the clubhouse. This will accommodate the members for within three months, making tennis and basketball possible in the early morning hours.

To Hold Garden Party.
Royal Court, Order of Amaranth, will hold a garden party at the home of the Rev. Mr. William J. Morris, No. 211, North Avenue 68, Monday evening, the 7th inst. Refreshments consisting of "hot dogs," "s'mores," ice cream and cake will be served. There will be a fortelling and a grand bag, all in the gardens, and whilst in the house, admission to the grounds will be free.

On Jail Problem.
Discussions of proposed measures affecting the welfare of those committed to a penitentiary to be given by Frank C. Campbell Tuesday afternoon at 12:15 o'clock at the Y.W.C.A. Cafeteria. Judge Hewitt and Shene, A. J. and Dr. Michael Johnson will be the speakers. Hearings must be made at No. 1101 Wright-Caldwell Building by Monday noon.

Funeral of Railway Man.
The funeral of the late George L. Berger, who died at his home at No. 426 West Seventeenth street, early Tuesday morning from heart trouble, will be held at 6 o'clock this afternoon from the Garrett Brothers Chapel, Twelfth and Flower streets. Rev. Baker P. Lee will officiate. Services will be conducted at the grave, at Ingleside Cemetery by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Railroads, with organizations Mr. Berger was long a member.

Postage from Japan.
Minnesota, Japan: The America is now importing a large quantity of cardboard boxes from Japan to supply the demand of drug, general, tobacco, candy and other manufacturers. Due to the low cost of Japanese labor, Japan can afford to make the boxes at a better price than American firms can. Total cost of \$12,000,000 and the Japanese have a splendid opportunity in the American box trade after the war.

SOON TO WATER RICH DISTRICT.

**Service Board Paves Way for
Chatsworth High Line.**

**Work to Start in Fortnight,
Engineer Announces.**

**Declares Contest Must be in
Service Next Season.**

**Preliminary steps were taken by
the Public Service Commission yester-
day to provide for construction
work on the Chatsworth line in the
San Fernando Valley irrigation system.**

Chief Engineer Mulholland

**announced he will be ready to start
this work in about two weeks and
that it will be necessary to secure
piping for water service to camps and
for construction work, as one of the
initial steps.**

**Advertisement was ordered for
bids on furnishing 24,000 feet of
four-inch pipe for this purpose.**

**Lates this will be removed and used
for extensions on city line.**

**This initial outlay will require be-
tween \$3000 and \$3000.**

**In discussing the Chatsworth
high-line project Mr. Mulholland
said:**

**"This line will be necessary to
give a supply of water next year.
We've no time to lose."**

**The Chatsworth line will supply
an area about two miles wide by
about twelve miles in length. It
will also be the supply line for the
Chatsworth reservoir and will be
able to carry the flow of the aqueduct.**

**There are three tunnels under
the aqueduct for use on this line,
and 4320 feet of these holes has
already been driven.**

**In connection with the opening
of the new irrigation banks, it
was decided to extend points for auto
use. It was brought out at yesterday's
meeting that the departments under
the Public Service Commission had
950 motor-vehicles in use and
that the cost of gasoline sent
to the out-of-town dealers ranges
from \$890 to \$900 per month.**

**The Public Service Commission
will order 2000 copies of the final report on
the aqueduct. Already about 2000
copies have been sold, and the
balance will be submitted to
the state legislature.**

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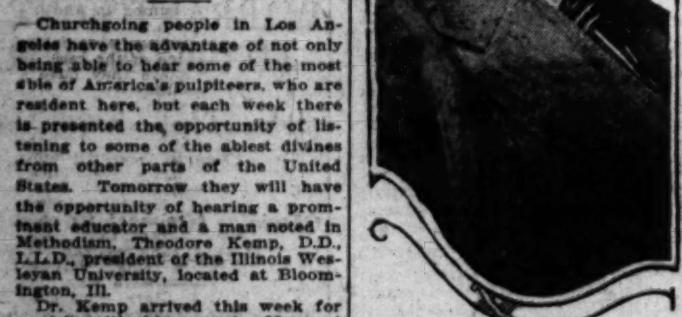
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EDUCATOR WILL PREACH HERE.

Dr. Theodore Kemp is to Fill Dr. Locke's Pulpit.

He is President of Illinois Wesleyan University.

What's Going on in Religious Fields Hereabouts.



Dr. Theodore Kemp, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, who will preach in the First Methodist Church tomorrow.

Churchgoing people in Los Angeles have the advantage of not only being able to hear some of the most able of America's preachers who reside here, but each week there is presented the opportunity of listening to some of the ablest divines from other parts of the United States. Tomorrow they will have the opportunity of hearing a prominent educator and a man noted in Methodism, Theodore Kemp, D.D., LL.D., president of the Illinois Wesleyan University, located at Bloomington.

Dr. Kemp arrived this week for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Kemp, of 947 North Highland avenue, and on Sunday he will fill the pulpit of Dr. Charles Edward Locke in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, while Dr. Kemp is on his vacation at Catalina Island.

Tomorrow morning Dr. Kemp will preach on "The Seer of Patmos."

His evening service will be on "The Harlot of Youth." Special musical programmes will be rendered at each service.

Dr. Kemp is a student at the University of Southern California. He last graduated from De Pauw University and studied theology at the Garrett Biblical Institute, Indianapolis, Indiana. For fifteen years he was a pastor in the Illinois conference, and for the past eight years he has been pastor of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

FOURTEENTH YEAR. PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

The fourteenth anniversary of the pastorship of William H. Davies, pastor over the Vernon Avenue Congregational Church will be celebrated by that congregation tomorrow. In the morning he will speak at the church, and a special service has been arranged for the evening, with addresses by several of the city pastors. There will be organ music by the choir.

When Mr. Davies assumed the pastorate of the Vernon Avenue Congregational Church the community was small and scattered. During these years the district has been closely built up and the general development has been rapid. The church, which is well organized and active in all departments.

VACATION SERMON. "WHEN CHRIST COMES IN."

Dr. William Horace Day will preach his last sermon before his vacation tomorrow morning at the First Congregational Church. He will speak on "When Christ Comes In," as appropriate to the midsummer twilight communion which will be held tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 p.m. in the auditorium.

Dr. Day will leave early in the week for Asilomar, where he is booked for a series of lectures before the Y.W.C.A. students, connected with a party of consensual friends.

Dr. Day will spend three weeks in the high Sierras, camping, climbing the mountains, walking and swimming in the trout from the mountain streams. The party will traverse the Kings River Canyon, through Pasadena, Valparaiso, to Rae Lake, and thence through Roaring River and Cloudy Canyon.

During Dr. Day's six weeks' absence he will be with his wife by several members of note. Mr. Ambrose W. Vernon, pastor of the historic Harvard Church of Brooklyn, Mass., will occupy the pulpit for the remaining days, and in his stead the Rev. Henry K. Booth of Long Beach will deliver a series of Sunday-evening sermons on the subject of "The Life of Christ." Dr. Booth will preach on "The Life of Christ as Applied to Modern Problems."

At the morning service Ralph R. Lusk will speak on "The Church in the Americas," and in the afternoon Al Lehr McDaniel will sing "Peace and Rest," and the Temple Male Quartette will render "Send Out Thy Light," by Hayley.

NEW PARISH HALL.

FOR HYDE PARK CATHOLIC.

The handsome parish hall for St. John's Catholic parish at Hyde Park is completed and the formal opening will be made on the evenings of the 17th, 18th and 19th inst. The people of the parish are arranging different programmes for each night. There is to be a chicken dinner at St. Ann's Royal Banquet Hall. Monica will sing, and there will be addresses by prominent speakers.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM.

TOMORROW'S SPEAKERS.

The sermon tomorrow morning in the Trinity Auditorium will be by Rev. Robert C. Barton, executive director of the Methodist Extension Committee of Los Angeles. His subject will be "Five Years' Vice Campaign." At the evening service the sermon will be by Rev. L. J. Miller, director of the junior church and pastor of Trinity's junior church. He will give an object lesson sermon on "Faith in the Holy Trinity." The junior choir and orchestra will perform, and Rev. Robert C. Barton will speak on "The Message of Christ as Applied to Modern Problems."

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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHEW EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.
(At Home:) The recent spell of apathy settling on Wall street was more pronounced and only in the first hour was there a fair average of transactions at moderately higher levels. Shipping shares were most active, with slight gains. There was a slight rally in motor stocks, and petroliums were steadier. The bond market followed the course of stocks and was steady.

(Abroad:) In London business on the stock exchange was restricted, today being a holiday. American securities were lifeless, with the exception of Canadian Pacific. Money was easy and discount rates quiet.

WOMEN DOCKERS.
One hundred women dockers have been employed at the big British seaport of Newport, Monmouthshire, which chiefly handles coal for export. The shipowners declare they show no difficulty in handling the heavy cargoes, and that they could have secured twice the number ready and willing to undertake this form of labor. Under the circumstances the British government which denies women the vote after the war has our sympathy.

STINGING NETTLES.
The Prussian Minister of Agricultural Affairs has sent a circular to all the administrators of districts charging them to promptly organize the collection of stinging nettles. There was some fear among the bellicose that Germany had invented a new form of frightfulness for their undoing, but it transpires that the nettles will be utilized for weaving, and the humble and despotic stinging nettle is to be the foundation of a great new industry. This is Germany's stinging retort to the allied blockade.

THE CLERGY HARVESTERS.
The English bishop of Winchester has issued a suggestion that the younger clergy should devote their vacations this year to harvesting, which will be "profitable, healthful and a very real assistance to the country."

Curates are said to have responded in generous numbers and, by making ready while the sun shines, to be reaping their share of war profits.

The clergy in England, being largely recruited from younger sons of the aristocracy, have been called "the resident-gentlemen" of their parishes. Harvesting automatically becomes a gentleman's profession in England.

MINUTIES OF WAR.
The war is responsible for revolutionary changes in the curriculum of schools in Europe. England has introduced a study of Russian and of Spanish into public and private schools. A Prussian professor proposes that French and English be expelled from German courses of study and that the study of Turkish be made obligatory. The works of Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon are exiled from the libraries in Berlin. The "Marcellaise" hymn is not allowed to be played in Vienna; and a tourist who should whistle "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" in the streets of Constantinople would be swatted into silence by a malignant and a turbaned Turk."

THE TERRIBLE TURK.
While treatment of war prisoners is causing such bitterness and recrimination between the European countries it is interesting to hear what a good reputation the erstwhile "terrible Turk" is earning. Hundreds of letters from Australian prisoners in Turkey have been received in Australia and all of them declare they are being well treated. And the twelve letters that have so far been received from the members of Gen. Townshend's division which was captured, 10,000 strong, at Kut el Amara all speak of the humane treatment they are receiving.

It looks as if the world will have to revalue its opinion of the Turk, who, while losing much in this war, is piling up testimony of his good character.

EVADING THE LAW.
Certain restaurant proprietors in Spokane, Wash., have adopted a signal code which enables them and their customers to avoid the prohibitory liquor laws. The waiter is summoned to the little room where two guests are seated. In a loud tone of voice one of the guests orders sandwiches with tea or coffee for two. At the same time he raises two fingers, scratches his right ear for whisky straight, his left ear for brandy, his nose for claret, and adjusts his necktie for beer. The waiter departs and shortly returns with the sandwiches, which he places on the table. Then he turns his back and the guests remove two small bottles from a pocket in the back of the waiter's coat. The waiter remains with his back to the guests while they place the contents of those bottles where no human eye will ever see them.

The law has been violated and no trace of its violation can be found. The guilty secret is locked in the diaphragms of the imbibers of liquid damnation; whereas the secret will rest until the last dread day. Ralph.

THE TRAINMEN'S RESPONSIBILITY.
There is ground for hope that the representatives of the well-paid railroad engineers, conductors and train hands, who constitute only one-fifth of the railroad employees of the country, will ultimately take counsel of their wisdom and fairness, and will not deprive themselves and the other four-fifths of the railroad workers of their jobs and precipitate upon the country the great, even if temporary, calamity of a tie-up of the transportation business of the country.

As for yielding to the demands of the strikers and forcing the public to pay \$100,000,000 per annum for the benefit of labor leaders who are misleading the train hands—that is unthinkable. If mediation should be refused by the representatives of the train hands and a strike be declared, it would necessarily compel very prompt and very drastic action by Congress and by the national administration. That action would probably be for the United States to take possession of all the railroads in the country conduct as they have been conducted, retain in the hands of all employees who remained loyal at their posts and put new men in the places of the strikers. There might be for a time some little difficulty in filling the places of the strikers, but it could be done. The American people are resourceful, and while the passenger and freight service might for a time be reduced and readjusted to the conditions, it would not be stopped altogether.

As for the strikers being able to pursue the Gompers tactics of forcibly stopping the running of trains, that is out of the question. The Federal law makes it a felony to interfere with trains in which there is a car carrying the United States mail, and every train—even if a freight train—would have such a car. The law would be strictly enforced, even if its enforcement should crowd every jail in the country.

The trainmen are too intelligent not to know this and to know how utterly impossible it would be for them to contend successfully with the government of the United States.

The Times predicts that there will be mediation which will result in a just and a permanent settlement of the controversy which now menaces the business of the nation. A great majority of the trainmen are heartily in favor of peace—The Times banks on that. The paid agitators are at the bottom of all the talk of war and are responsible for all the danger of hostilities. If they could be eliminated, if the men could act according to the dictates of their own hearts, free from undue pressure, the menace would be removed in a week's time and everybody would be happy but the walking delegate.

HARBOR STRIKE ENDS.

The trouble at Los Angeles Harbor has come to a definite end, and the troublemakers are conclusively defeated. The dock workers' union by a vote of 163 to 87 declared in favor of ending the strike. It began June 1, affecting nine large concerns doing business at the harbor, and put a total of 1400 men out of work. The dock workers' union was the largest of the organizations engaged in this strike. They would have gone back to work weeks ago had it not been for the interference of imported bosses brought here from San Francisco to overrule the real wishes of the men. Two months is a long time for the average wage-earner's family to go without income. It sees the bottom of the four sack, of the meal bag and of the gasoline can. It sees barefooted children running the streets in rags and briny contention between the heads of the family, the mother yearning over her offspring because the father will not work.

From time to time during the three months smaller organizations threw up the sponge and went back to their jobs. With the unconditional surrender of the dock workers the whole warfare at the harbor comes at last to a satisfactory finale.

Because of the overwhelming sentiment in this community in favor of the open shop and a failure of law and order which came against the picketing and its consequent breach of the peace, the strike never had a chance to win. We do not say that our peace officers are inherently better than those of other cities, but they feel the force of a strong, unyielding public opinion which demands of them that they do their duty in spite of any obstacles that may be put in their way.

There are always a number of free workers ready to take up good jobs in any industrial community where the working population is so large as it is in Los Angeles. If only these men are guaranteed the peaceful continuance of their work any strike precipitated must come to a quick and disastrous end.

The community of Los Angeles owes a large debt of gratitude to that strong body of men composing the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of the city. These men are in favor of the open shop because it is the only fair and equitable method of conducting industry here or elsewhere. They have stood shoulder to shoulder in many a industrial battle, and by their calm courage and square dealing with their employees they have won every conflict precipitated by labor unions here in the last twenty years.

Early in the strike the president of the City Council, then acting Mayor in the absence of the chief executive, went down to the harbor and, using plain language, calling spades spades and shovels shovels, he warned the strikers that they must observe order, obey the laws and permit free workers to perform their services. He told them that he would call out the whole police force, and if that were not sufficient would call upon the Sheriff for aid, and if unluckily that should fail he would demand of the State government its armed forces with his back to the guests while they place the contents of those bottles where no human eye will ever see them.

The Chief of Police performed his duty fully and defied the anarchistic politicians. He and the men under him behaved with admirable courage and coolness, and during the whole two months of the strike there was a minimum of disorderly conduct at the harbor and with comparatively little interference with the quiet progress of business in every way.

Of course the bosses of the labor union opposed the settlement of the strike in every way they could. The foreign misleaders brought from the north underook to make all sorts of promises to the men who had been deluded too often by these false hopes of winning fights in a community like Los Angeles. To the very last the

Times

Aid and Comfort.



HITS AND MISSES OF OTHER PAPERS.

A Warning.

[New York Herald:] The action of the Kaiser in kissing each of the captains who fought in the battle of Jutland ought to be a warning to them not to run back home next time.

Restricting Personal Liberty.

[New York Sun:] By limiting the legitimate expenses of a Presidential candidate to \$50,000 Congress has struck a body blow at the high cost of political ambition.

Keep Smiling.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Here's to the boys of the guard! Their cheerfulness is making up for a lot of blundering not their fault.

Our Ordinance Experts.

[Philadelphia North American:] Recent United States Army tests proved that the Lewis machine gun is superior to the American arm. That's just what the inventor asserted long ago when the gun was rejected by our army experts.

Carranza is Learning.

[Macon Telegraph:] Carranza evidently believes that a soft answer may also have the effect of at least postponing a good licking.

Our Patriotic Congress.

[Washington Star:] Any capable incapable of appreciating so patient and industrious a Congress is indeed ungrateful.

Space is Free.

[Boston Transcript:] La Follette might have added that any "cheap state" or a Senator can get up limited space in the Congressional Record.

Keeping the Balance.

[Philadelphia Press:] Under the legislation of the Democratic Congress the North gets the taxes and the South spends the money.

What a Suggestion.

[Memphis Commercial Appeal:] Just suppose that when Wilson is informed of his nomination he should Teddy Roosevelt the messenger with an "I can't accept"! Wuff! but the fur would fly.

Something Left.

[Kansas City Journal:] The war is virtually finished," says the paper of the environment. Yes, it is all over now but the fighting and suffering. There may be a year or two of that yet.

Uninvited Mr. Bryan.

[Washington Star:] It may be recalled by Mr. Bryan that other eminent statesmen after endorsing Woodrow Wilson were not formally called on for much further rhetorical demonstration.

Had Proved American Workman-ship.

[Philadelphia Telegraph:] That Spain should come to this country to have a warship built is not at all surprising. No country knows any better than Spain the competency of the United States alone that particular line.

Those Diplomatic Notes.

[New York Sun:] Future historians will classify the diplomatic notes of this administration under the heads: Vinegar, Pepper, Sugar and Molasses, but never as Aqua Fortis.

As Others SEE US.

[Phoenix Republican:] A Los Angeles newspaper boasts of the capture, the other day, of a wild cat within the city limits of Los Angeles. The man had had enough of want, privation and hunger. This is bad enough in the individual case, but is intolerable when the families of the men who are unemployed are of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us. Their compassion is keen for the suffering of their offspring, and the wife of these men is burlesqued and the thief takes among his plunder a bond or a certificate of stock of the Southern Pacific Company, for instance, the owner of the bond notifies the public and informs the company of his loss, and by filing an indemnifying bond with the company a duplicate of the stolen security will be issued to him and the original will be canceled on the books of the corporation. The fact that a nation instead of an individual is the robber makes no difference in the legal status.

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PEN POINTS
BY THE STAFF.

The weather this past week has called Jim Riley's "The Old Gray Hobo."

Many of the local campaign stars have sound views—will accent the sound.

The woman who wants her hand to mail her letters will get a return if the slips a cigar in the pocket.

Edison is said to be at work on a new motive power for the trolley machine. What is the matter with it?

So far we have seen no note that Yon Lind expected to take a stand in defense of the Wilson tax policy.

You must hand it to the Wilson administration for this: Two Democrats resigned their jobs and Garrison.

It is as some wives complain, spoils the curtains for having smoke it is easy enough to have curtains down.

Our local store managers prove that women's stockings are up. There is a chance for a pretty good wheeze.

A San Francisco judge has sentenced a man who pleaded his intoxication to sixty days in prison. Thus making the punishment fit the crime.

Wesvius and Stromboli are in eruption and on the other side the Mexican boundary line is shifting and everybody is giving up a titration of a volcano.

The trend of the birth rate in California for the past ten years has been downward. The old adage will say that the women's suffrage movement is the answer.

With Col. Roosevelt carrying flag in the Hughes procession it only remains for a Progressive to bring back that he wants four more of Woodrow Wilson. That is all it amounts to.

During the hot weather is a time to watch the baby. Let club meetings go by default as a day that may have the best chance. Pure milk is perhaps the best part of the story of successful baby-raising.

According to the new naval list vessels of all classes will be added to the American fleet with the administration press the doctrine of non-resistance. Will it be possible to induce some men to enlist to man these ships?

One of the reported conditions for the proposed Danish truce for the annexation of the three islands off the coast of Porto Rico, is that the inhabitants would retain their political allegiance to Denmark. It would not be wise for us to acquire territories inhabited chiefly by persons loyal to another flag.

The \$25,000,000 asked for Danish West Indies is more than three times as much as Seward paid for Alaska. The islands only contain 123 families, are not productive and a population of only 20,000, mostly black. The poor bargains is carried out, ought to be a wise godsend to Denmark.

John M. Parker, the independent Louisiana Democrat, insists there must be a third party now. As Parker is a hideous general, his views should not be ignored. Everybody also seems to have come to the fact that such a party could only assist Wilson and the will have none of it. Parker and the public refuses to consider any sort of patience the next general election, and the freight service. Both the men and the men owe it to the men interests to respect the men of the whole country. There must be no general railway strike or lock-out. If agreement cannot otherwise reached there must be a general strike. The country is in need for business chancery.

HOW TO CAMP.

Are you thinking of going camping near Pasadena? If so, you had better call on Forest Ranger Thomas W.

Ontario.

HOTPOINT CLUBHOUSE
FOR HAPPY EMPLOYEES.

Pasadena.

PATRIOTISM
COMES FIRST."Alarms Stir Women to
Deeds of Sacrifice.Would Rather be Patriotic
than Histrionic.Linger Issues Instructions for
Mountaineers.LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
PASADENA, Aug. 5.—The drama

is over at the Pasadena Shakespeare

company.

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Business Page: Eastern Citrus Markets—Grain—Mines—Produce Markets Abroad

Stocks and Bonds.

INCREASING APATHY IN WALL STREET TRADING.

Fair Average of Transactions, at Moderately Higher Levels, is Maintained for the First Hour—Shipping Shares Leaders in Activity—The Bond Market Remains Featureless.

(By A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK. Aug. 4.—Dealing in today's listless market differed in no essential particular from those of recent sessions. Except for a slight lull, witnessed a fair average of transactions at moderately higher levels, the record was one of increasing apathy.

Shipping shares were the leaders, as far as activity was concerned, the turnover in Mercantile Marine common and preferred at moderate gains far exceeding any other issue. Gold and 1 per cent bonds also were up, while the new high price of 107, and United Fruit reflected further accumulation.

Motor shares were slightly more active, while the shipping stocks with metals, except Tennessee Copper, which again lost ground.

United States Steel, which was the most active issue, was steady with rails most of the day but the latter shined in the final hour, closing 1 1/2 points higher.

The bond market followed the course of stocks and lacked especial interest. The new high price of 100 issues showed steady diminution. Total sales, par value, were \$3,480.

United States bonds were unchanged on call.

COMPARISON OF SALES. BY DIRECTOR OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Total sales in comparison of today's stock and bond offerings:

Stocks, 1,000 shares

Bonds, \$100,000

Stocks, 1,000 shares

Abroad

LOSING PRICES ON SALT LAKE EXCHANGE

by Lewis & Bryan, Members New York Stock Exchange, San Francisco, Calif.

SALT LAKE, Aug. 4.—(Closing quotations)

	Aug. 3	Aug. 4
Gold	42.50	42.00
Gold, 1/2 oz.	2.10	2.00
Gold, 1/4 oz.	1.05	1.00
Gold, 1/10 oz.	0.50	0.45
Gold, 1/20 oz.	0.25	0.20
Gold, 1/40 oz.	0.12	0.10
Gold, 1/80 oz.	0.06	0.05
Gold, 1/160 oz.	0.03	0.02
Gold, 1/320 oz.	0.015	0.01
Gold, 1/640 oz.	0.008	0.005
Gold, 1/1280 oz.	0.004	0.002
Gold, 1/2560 oz.	0.002	0.001
Gold, 1/5120 oz.	0.001	0.0005
Gold, 1/10240 oz.	0.0005	0.0002
Gold, 1/20480 oz.	0.0002	0.0001
Gold, 1/40960 oz.	0.0001	0.00005
Gold, 1/81920 oz.	0.00005	0.00002
Gold, 1/163840 oz.	0.00002	0.00001
Gold, 1/327680 oz.	0.00001	0.000005
Gold, 1/655360 oz.	0.000005	0.000002
Gold, 1/1310720 oz.	0.000002	0.000001
Gold, 1/2621440 oz.	0.000001	0.0000005
Gold, 1/5242880 oz.	0.0000005	0.0000002
Gold, 1/10485760 oz.	0.0000002	0.0000001
Gold, 1/20971520 oz.	0.0000001	0.00000005
Gold, 1/41943040 oz.	0.00000005	0.00000002
Gold, 1/83886080 oz.	0.00000002	0.00000001
Gold, 1/167772160 oz.	0.00000001	0.000000005
Gold, 1/335544320 oz.	0.000000005	0.000000002
Gold, 1/671088640 oz.	0.000000002	0.000000001
Gold, 1/1342177280 oz.	0.000000001	0.0000000005
Gold, 1/2684354560 oz.	0.0000000005	0.0000000002
Gold, 1/5368709120 oz.	0.0000000002	0.0000000001
Gold, 1/10737418240 oz.	0.0000000001	0.00000000005
Gold, 1/21474836480 oz.	0.00000000005	0.00000000002
Gold, 1/42949672960 oz.	0.00000000002	0.00000000001
Gold, 1/85899345920 oz.	0.00000000001	0.000000000005
Gold, 1/171798691840 oz.	0.000000000005	0.000000000002
Gold, 1/343597383680 oz.	0.000000000002	0.000000000001
Gold, 1/687194767360 oz.	0.000000000001	0.0000000000005
Gold, 1/1374389534720 oz.	0.0000000000005	0.0000000000002
Gold, 1/2748778569440 oz.	0.0000000000002	0.0000000000001
Gold, 1/5497557138880 oz.	0.0000000000001	0.00000000000005
Gold, 1/10995114277600 oz.	0.00000000000005	0.00000000000002
Gold, 1/21990228555200 oz.	0.00000000000002	0.00000000000001
Gold, 1/43980457110400 oz.	0.00000000000001	0.000000000000005
Gold, 1/87960914220800 oz.	0.000000000000005	0.000000000000002
Gold, 1/175921828441600 oz.	0.000000000000002	0.000000000000001
Gold, 1/351843656883200 oz.	0.000000000000001	0.0000000000000005
Gold, 1/703687313766400 oz.	0.0000000000000002	0.0000000000000001
Gold, 1/1407374627532800 oz.	0.0000000000000001	0.00000000000000005
Gold, 1/2814749255065600 oz.	0.00000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/5629498510131200 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/11258997020262400 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/22517994040524800 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/45035988081049600 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/90071976162099200 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/180143952324198400 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/360287904648396800 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/720575809296793600 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/1441151618593587200 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/2882303237187174400 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/5764606474374348800 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/1152921298748697600 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/2305842597497395200 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/4611685194994790400 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/9223370389989580800 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/18446740799891761600 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/36893481599783523200 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/73786963199567046400 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/147573926399134092800 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/295147852798268185600 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/590295705596536371200 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/118059141193107274400 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/236118282386214548800 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/472236564772429097600 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/944473129544858195200 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/1888946259089176390400 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/3777892518178352780800 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/7555785036356705561600 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/1511157007273401123200 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/3022314014546802246400 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/6044628029093604492800 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/1208925658187320895600 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/2417851316374641791200 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/4835702632749283582400 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/9671405265498567164800 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/1934281051099713432800 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/3868562102199426865600 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/7737124204398853731200 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/15474248408777074462400 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/30948496817554148924800 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/61896993635108297849600 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/12379398727021659569600 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/24758797454043319139200 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/49517594908086638278400 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/99035189816173276556800 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/19807037932346655313600 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/39614075864693110673200 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/79228151729386221346400 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/15845630345873244292800 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/31691260687746488585600 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/63382521375492977171200 oz.	0.000000000000000005	0.00000000000000002
Gold, 1/12676504270998995434400 oz.	0.00000000000000002	0.00000000000000001
Gold, 1/25353008541997990868800 oz.	0.00000000000000001	0.000000000000000005
Gold, 1/50706001783995981737600 oz.	0.000000000000000005	

Too Much.
STRIKE MEANS UNIONS' DEATH.

Brotherhoods Would be Lost, Says Railroad Official.

Believes Congress Must Act to Prevent Tie-up.

Public will not Long Endure Traffic Blockade.

Declaring the threatened strike of railway employees throughout the United States would precipitate a national crisis which would result in the death of the union organizations participating, Edward Chambers, vice-president of the Santa Fe, who arrived from Chicago, yesterday issued a clear and comprehensive statement of the difficulties existing between the road and the employees, who have threatened to tie up the traffic of the nation until their demands are met.

He believes I am speaking conservatively, said Mr. Chambers, "when I state that for the railway employees to strike under present conditions will be comparable in loss to hundreds of millions of dollars. Every business man tourist, and even the government itself will be affected, and feel the loss keenly."

PRESS THE LIMIT.

The American public will stand for just so much monkeying, and no more. The employees of the railroads, who have had the sympathy of the public in the past, and who, in order to further their own interests, have now crowded beyond the limit.

Well-informed men in the country over believe that for the train and engineers to attempt to enforce their demands, in view of the wages and working conditions they now have, means the death of every organization that has been able to maintain the strike until the railroad will give in.

On his third trip to America, about 1881, he decided to make this country his home, and shortly after became a citizen. He is now a member of the crew of one of the privateers fighting for the North at the time of the Civil War service of Admiral Farragut.

After his exciting experience through the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon, Mr. Kerr drove into the mountains, where the deer were deer abound, and a great herd of native buffalo is a picturesque feature. In this forest the great measure is the bear, which lies upon him until the game walks by, and pounds upon their prey.

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POUNCES ON MACHINE.

Never before had a motor car driven over the trail which Mr. Kerr had made, and when he came upon a cougar, in ambush on an overhanging limb, saw the strange creature move along, and evidently thinking that it was a species of monkey upon the tree. It fronted him to the front of the top, and its body dropped directly into the seat of the machine, and winded him.

For six years Mr. Kerr has been forced to use crutches. He is a catamount, and was thrown from the machine on the trail. The crutches were at his left hand.

As soon as the beast dropped, it became frightened, and took to its heels, and the crutches, and the crutches were at his left hand.

Mr. Kerr, who had been riding the crutches, and the crutches were at his left hand.

He took up the crutches, and the crutches were at his left hand.

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He took up the crutches, and the

ected. There were costs a checkroom, a soda fountain stand, a candy stand, and it was stated last night, R. Bourgeois secured from this source alone, \$1,000, and each of them had on uniforms. He said he had four cashiers and his secretary and induced them to advance the place, to give him \$100 to open. He let five contractors with the building, he was able to induce others there to make him is not stated.

BAD CHECKS COME.
Brown was hired to superintend the construction at a weekly wage and a percentage on the cost. The promoter was to be found. Later he brought checks that were returned as "not sufficient funds." He declared that he made about \$100 in a local bank to write checks indiscriminately. When his checks were no fresh deposits were closed out, but that he was able to keep up his check writing for the men. When his checks from him, \$100 in one day that he had not that were worthless.

Kirvin began to write checks to the men. When his checks were no fresh deposits were closed out, but that he was able to keep up his check writing for the men. When his checks from him, \$100 in one day that he had not that were worthless.

"I don't," Mr. Brown said, "and I've a pocketful of checks from him. I'm blocks to the amount of \$100 in one day that he had not that were worthless."

the persons directly interested in the venture. They declare the photographer was very helpful in putting through

BIG GAME TODAY.

Los Angeles Athletic Club will meet the fast Pacific Coast team this afternoon at a field in the feature game of the week. At the opening of the league, with the General

League, the clubmen are led in team a close second.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST ★ ★ ★ ★

Trout Fishing in Big Santa Anita.



(Photo by E. P. CONRAD)

“California, land of the setting sun”

Work Has No Terror for These Boys—in the Mountains.

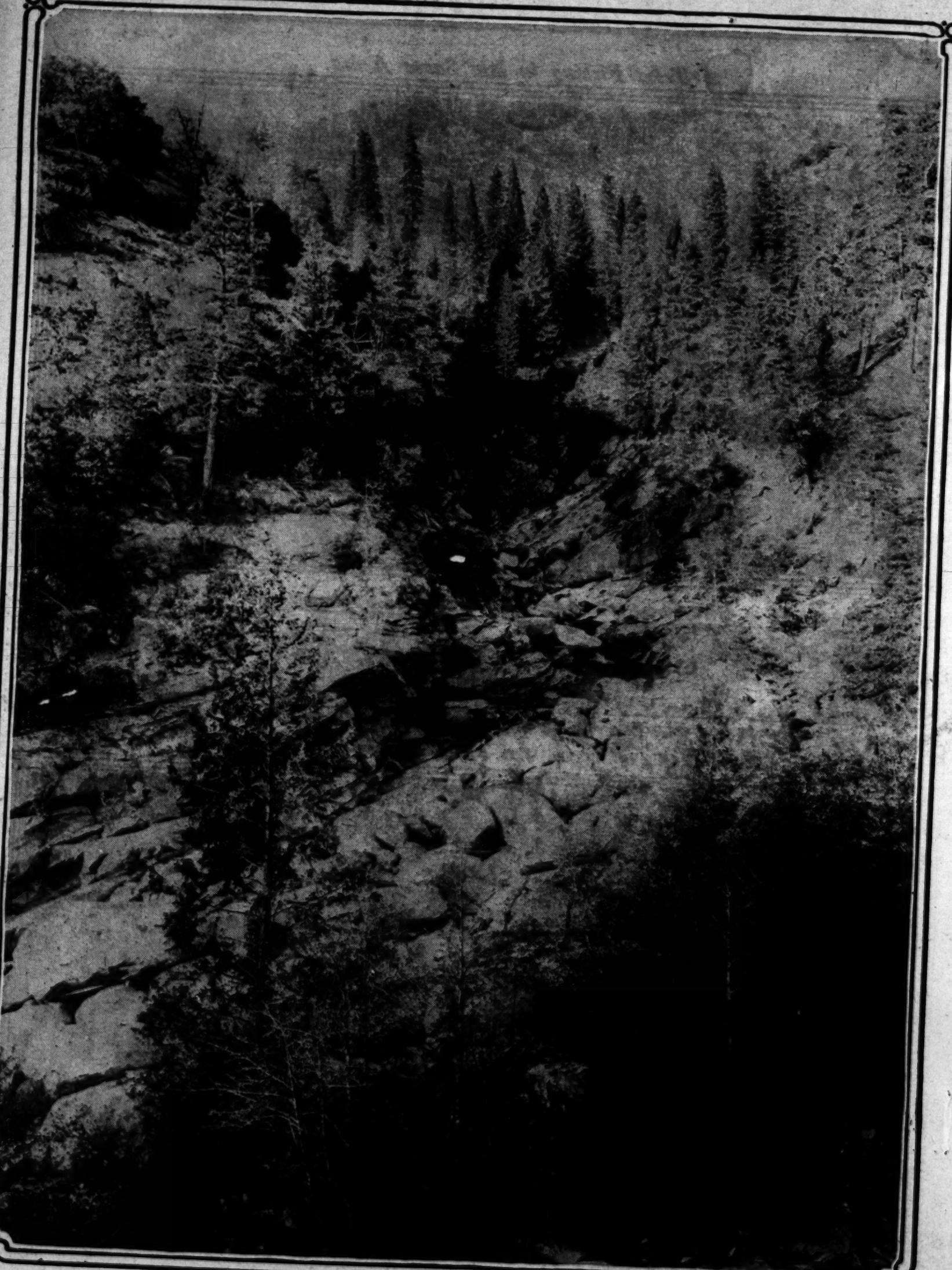


(Photo by BILL WHEELER)

With the Los Angeles Sunday Times for August 6, 1916. The Magazine is also Mailed Separately to any address ordered. (See Page 2.)

[161]

Stephenson Creek Canyon, Fresno County.



STRIKE
UNION

brotherhood
Says Ra

believes *Cc*
to *Pre*

Public will
Traffic

"The American for just so much more. The roads, who has of the public used it to success beyond the lines. "Well-informed people believe that easement to their demands and working have, means to organize the efficient—work will no doubt trainmen, but which they are ~~out~~ out of existence. Mr. Chamberlain, of the Senate, was affected by sympathy with the movement of affiliation with the duty-bound speaking only for that the place of the majority in the organization of Congress. "I believe that the authorities will be in a position to take some action. In the crisis in holding the enormous power upon Congress, the President will have to be President of the United States, and many of the administration men on the ground, will be because the leaders of the

Stephenson Creek Canyon, Fresno County.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, August 5, 1916.



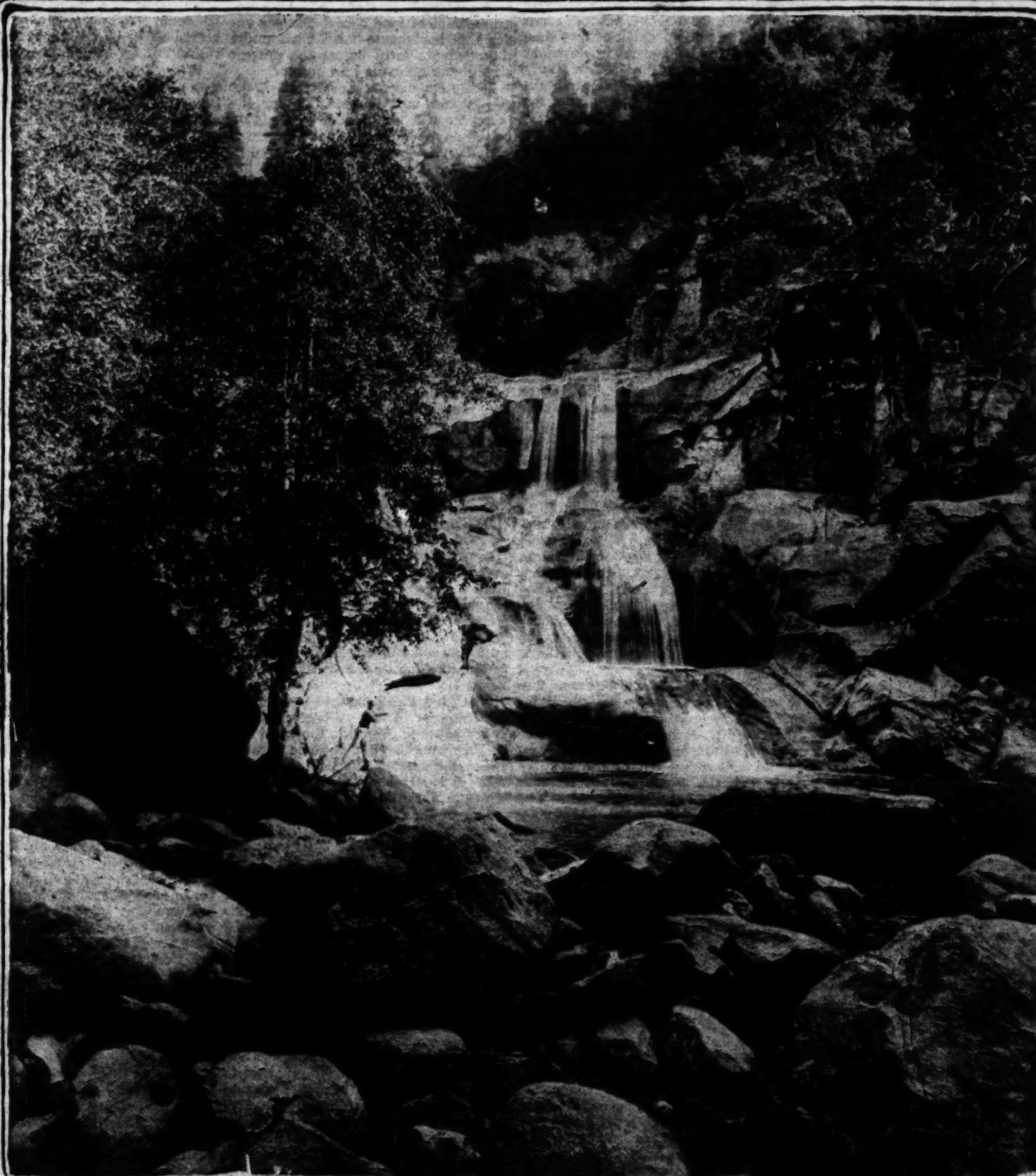
Illustrated Weekly Magazine

TEN CENTS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1916.

1781-1916.

Cascade on Huckleberry Creek, High Sierras.



[163]

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132
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INDEX TO CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

[Saturday, August 6, 1916.]

Not Without Witness.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

a strength born of God knows what, she drew him over the rough ends of the boards, lifted him bodily at last, for he was spent and ghastly pale. But both eyes gazed into her's now, and there was no wound or scar on his beseeching face. "I'm Rooker. Did you know?"

"From the first. But they never shall have you. They—"

"That's right," he whispered: "I belong to the Lake Devil for—for keeps."

"No, no!" she protested, but stopped when his lips moved.

"Are you sure—sure 'God—hath—not—left—left Himself without witness—'" He labored over each word, his face ashen, and a thin red stream came from between his lips.

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more," Harriet quoted reverently.

"Mamma," Harriet called feebly; "Rooker's in these woods, and I came home to take care of you. The officers—"

The launch ground against the wharf, the sheriff and his men came off. "We're on track of—" he began.

"There!" Harriet pointed to a motionless form; but Rooker had fled to another court.

The storm roared faintly off in the north and angry clouds lifted grudgingly from the white cheek of the mountain, but the sun was shining on the Olympics, and one sudden gleam warmed the still face.

Accident or Intention?

The Leaning Tower of Pisa, that most eccentric piece of Southern Romanesque architecture, has been the cause of an almost continuous discussion. Scientists and architects have examined its foundations, measured its columns, and theorized as to its strange departure from the perpendicular. In 1773 Goethe explained it as intentionally so built for the purpose of attracting the spectator's attention from the ordinary straight shafts, of which Pisa in the twelfth century is said to have had 10,000. This is the interesting theory upheld by later authorities.

To substantiate this view, there have been described similar divergences that occurred in contemporary buildings. The baptistery of the Cathedral in Pisa, built also in the thirteenth century, leans seventeen inches out of the perpendicular, and the plinth blocks of its foundation tilt downward gradually and evenly for nine inches in the direction of the lean. The Campanile of San Niccolò leans forward in the same way, as likewise do the facades of the Cathedral of Pisa. It is worthy of note, too, that they curve back again toward the perpendicular.

In the Leaning Tower there is a deliberate effort, it is contended, above the third floor to return to the perpendicular. This is made by a delicate series of changes in the pitch of the columns on the lower side—evidence taken by some investigators as indication of an attempt to remedy an error made by the architects, the foundation, according to one theory, having subsided as the result of their inexperience with the peculiar soil of Pisa.

It is pointed out, however, that careful measurements below the third floor show that the arches of the staircase were deliberately increased in height, and that the downward dip was so arranged that the weight of the tower was thrown off the overhanging side. This, it is said, would have been quite unnecessary if the architect had meant the tower to rise straight up from its foundations. Equally significant is the fact that above the third floor of the tower none of the precautions just described is taken.

Cleverness of Cats.

[New York Sun:] When you see a cat on a narrow back yard fence leisurely making its way along, you may wonder why it does not lose its balance and fall off.

If it chances to jump from one fence to another or down to the surface of the earth, you are amazed that it excels man in its ability to land squarely on its feet instead of its head. It may fall or leap so far that it will turn a complete somersault once—twice, yet it will land upon its feet.

The tall has wrongly been credited with a crank handle power to guide puss to its feet. There are many cats without tails and these show no deficiency in this feline power.

The real explanation is complicated. It has to do in a manner with the cat's ability

to see in the dark and also to see when its head spins around. Like whirling dervishes and whirlwind dancers, trained always to stop facing the audience, no matter how swiftly or how often they spin around, cats are able to turn all the way around in a half circle or in any fraction thereof in order to act against the force of gravity and cause their lighter feet to touch terra firma first.

"Cats are clever," books say, because they always alight on their feet. But it is not cleverness and it has nothing to do with the intellect at all. It is the same sort of instinct which often makes dogs, before lying down, go round and round in a circle. This canine trait is an instinct left from the dog's ancient ancestors. These lived in rushes and tall grass. Before they could lie down and take a nap they had to run around in a circle to press down the grass and bushes to make a place for themselves. Similarly the cat has inherited its agile trunk muscles as well as the instinct to swing its heavier body above its lighter feet. The sinuous, graceful curves of the cat are thus made to serve its hereditary agility. The force of gravitation is here again defeated by living tissues.

Naval Coaling Stations.

[Kansas City Journal:] Every world power casts covetous eyes on available sites for coaling ports for its naval and mercantile fleets. On the confined shores of the Yellow Sea three great powers established coaling bases—at Fort Arthur, at Wei-hai-wei and at Kiauchau.

Our own government, with an ear open to faint sounds, keeps an eye peeled on St. Thomas and the coast of Mexico, ever watching for mysterious doings, or slightest suspicion of transfer of domain to another power. To guard the trade routes and approaches to the Gulf of Mexico the Navy Department at Washington has established a most important coaling base at Guantanamo, Cuba. Thus all three routes to the gulf—through the Florida straits between Key West and Cuba, through the Windward passage between Guantanamo and Haiti, and the passages either side of Porto Rico—are now controlled by American bases.

In the Pacific the coaling station, Honolulu, with a storage capacity of 165,000 tons, provides ample supplies for the needs of warships guarding the approaches across the Pacific. In contrast to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific routes, and those to South American ports, trade routes of the world are practically dominated in time of war by the English, for of the forty-seven important steamship companies of the world today thirty-two of them are British.

An Amateur Critic.

[Boston Transcript:] The musical critic was unable to attend the piano recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough. And this is how he did it:

"Herr Diapason's recital last evening at Acoustic hall was the most recherche event of the musical season. Herr Diapason is a master in cantilever, and both in his automobile and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonal stimulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo, crescendo and poggiaiatura he displayed technological skill that was simply wonderful.

"There was also a marvelous musically abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante capriccioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience.

"Herr Diapason, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity of rutabaga, and again in a too lambent lustspiel; but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabilious intermezzo. The result, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of poco hontas instrumentation and incandescent cavatina."

"Slug four," who takes lessons, said there

was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what, and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over,

was free to admit that it was all Greek to him; still he said it seemed to read all right, so far as he could discover to the contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's composition—more luminous, indeed—and he did not see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-round writer on the staff.

Leads Hundred Thousand.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN.)

motion of child welfare of recent years that owes its introduction and establishment in many States to the Congress of Mothers is the mothers' pension law.

In 1911 the congress, during the second International Congress on Child Welfare, held in Washington, unanimously recommended that its State branches make this their work for the coming year. This form of organization insures the support of the various State branches, for, when a measure is brought to their attention by the national, they put their united energies into its promotion. Twenty-seven States now have the mothers' pension law, and it will eventually be in every State, as its value as an economic movement is without question. Through it lies the reduction of child labor and child crime; also truancy, the greatest problem before the juvenile courts and the schools.

Anxious for the Babies.

An concluding, Mrs. Schoff said:

"I want to see the congress double the baby saving. Two hundred thousand baby lives saved yearly is now our aim. This we can accomplish through educating the parents in baby care. Next, we want to prevent children getting into lives of crime, and, also, we want to prevent the arrest of children. Prevention is our slogan, and we are reaching forth into every avenue that concerns childhood with this spirit.

"We are focusing all our efforts on a campaign to get parent-teacher associations in every school for the study of child hygiene and child nurture, and to secure sympathetic co-operation between home and school, and to get a parents' association in every church for the study of character-building and the proper understanding of parental responsibility in teaching moral and spiritual truths to children.

"We are also working to get a department of child hygiene in every board of health to safeguard baby lives through correct instruction to mothers in infant hygiene, through birth registration, and through protection of the milk supply, and a child welfare department in city, State and nation to study conditions affecting childhood in each school community."

Mrs. Hannah Kent Schoff, in addition to being a successful mother of a wonderfully educated family of seven children, and a philanthropist, is a writer of international reputation upon educational subjects, having already completed a large number of books and pamphlets. Her education was acquired in a boarding school in her native town of Darby, Pa., and was later supplemented by wide experience and travel. Though a native of Pennsylvania, she is rich in Massachusetts and Mayflower ancestry, claiming descent from three Mayflower Pilgrims. Her entire married life has been spent in community service of many kinds.

BLIND YOURSELF Shut Out the Light From Your Eyes For Ten Minutes.

Just try closing the eyes and binding them with a towel, shutting out all light for a period of ten minutes. Then think how well you would care for your eyes if you could again see. You would promise yourself to never again neglect them. You would also realize that the best is none too good for them. Your eyes demand the best service, the service of an oculist. You cannot afford to continually strain the eyes. Eye strain, however, causes headaches and temple pains but various nervous ailments. Many people are suffering from eye strain and the wearing of poorly fitted glasses and do not know it.

There is scarcely anything concerning your physical welfare more important than to have good vision and thus conserve your good health and the seeing power of the eye—yet many will persist in buying cheap, worthless and impure fitted glasses at the cost of economy. Men, women and children, too, of weak or poor vision are sick persons and like all other sick persons should be treated by a physician—an Oculist.

Proper treatment of the eyes, even when the vision is defective, will many times enable one to dispense with their glasses.

Are your eyes worth saving? Are they worth looking after for the future? Are they weak? Is your vision dim? Are you troubled with nausea, headaches, tem-
ples, pain, dizziness? Are you irritable and cross? Perhaps you are not aware of my scientific examination, will tell. The world is becoming educated to the importance of looking after the eyes. You must not lag behind.

It is good, careful, painstaking, conscientious, scientific work you want. I'll give it to you. Work that gives results that last. If you need glasses I will look after them for you until the finished product is delivered to you so we both may know we are right. There is now absolutely no excuse for one neglecting his or her eyes.

In examining your eyes, I take nothing for granted. My examination rooms are thoroughly equipped with scientific instruments which give positive results. Then I prove it to you by your own eyes. I do not use "drop" in the eyes for examining them, neither is the examination done to the eyes. An experience of twenty-four years behind the examination. No extra charge.

C. N. Hopkins, M.D.

SUITE 224 LAUGHLIN BLDG.
515 South Broadway. Hours: 9 to 4.
Also Wed. and Sat. Even., 6 to 7:30.

[190]

Illustrated Weekly.

Los Angeles Times.

Our Flag.

Our emblem of a mighty race,
Long may you golden sun
Cast free his beams of mellow light
O'er valies our fathers won;
Nor may a head that wears a crown
Dare sneer or jest at thee,
But, bending low with head bowed down,
Know thou art ever free.

Twas bleeding hearts, oh emblem dear,
That stained thy stripes so bright;
Twas souls as pure as molten gold,
That made thy stars so white.
On high, dear flag of liberty,
Beneath a free-man's sun,
Float out on God's sweet breeze for aye,
O'er land our fathers won.

—[Auburn No. 32595, in Star of Hope.]

Prayer and Matrimony.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Josephine and Janet met one morning at the literary club and began chatting.

"I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off," remarked Janet.

"Do you know why they quarreled?"

"Why, yes, she told me," said Josephine. "He was awfully nice in many ways, she said, but he was horribly jealous and so unfair."

"In what way was he unfair?"

"Laura told me that every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain."

BURNS

GOOD SHOES

525 South Broadway

Soft and Easy Shoes

Grover, Martha Washington,

Julia Marlowe



Fine grade Paris Kid, plain toe, hand-sewed soles, button or lace, Grover make \$4 & \$5.00
Fine Kid Lace or Congress, sewed soles, plain toe \$3.00

LOW SHOES AND SLIPPERS



Grover's Soft and Easy Slippers, finest kid, plain toe, with flat bow.

One strap \$2.75

Two straps \$3.50

Many Styles of Soft & Easy Slippers \$1.50 to \$3

MEN'S FIT EASY CLOGS



Fit Easy Clogs

If you want a pair of Shoes that are easy try a pair of our Fit Easy Clogs. In Vici Kid, Gun Metal or Tan \$3.50 to \$7.00

FOOT TROUBLES

If you are having trouble with your feet call on us as we have a salesman with us who is a specialist on foot troubles.

Agents for

The Wizard Foot Appliances

Call and have them explained.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

18th Year—New Series. Volume X, No. 4.
Single Copies, by mail or at News Agencies, 10c.
Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 8, 1912.
Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.
Average Circulation Weekly, 103,000.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIM.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the world-pushing of their wonderful and resourceful people; popular descriptive articles, solid articles giving in fact statement and information; brilliant editorial correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political, in character or affiliations, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of vision, courage and conviction; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of good men and women without distinction, who are firmly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the comprehensive, superb and surpassing Midwinter Number for 1916 and the Illustrated Weekly (52 copies), making in all 105 distinct issues for \$3.65. A quarterly mail subscription to both (12 copies of each) will cost only \$1.00, post paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent 3 months to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents or 6 months for \$1.50 in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

WHEN the wealth of Los Angeles was appraised at only one-half billion dollars every taxpayer in the city had his fingers crossed.

A LOS ANGELES actress is referred to as the girl with the million smiles. This description would fit most Los Angeles girls.

THE summer man may be at the front, but, thank heaven, the summer girl remains the joy of the beaches.

THE humble French prune has come and gone for 1916. Southern California does not grow a more delicious plum.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S handsome beaches were never more appreciated than during the past ten days.

IN THOSE sad and bitter days when all the East suffered and many died, how many of us stopped a moment to be grateful for the beauty, the joy and the comfort that is Los Angeles?

IT IS to be hoped that the prayers of Los Angeles people for the peace of Europe and of the world will not be limited to five minutes on a fixed day. Such a plan is commendable, but it is not enough.

COL. CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG has written and published a charming little book called "The Two Republics," in the interest of friendship between the United States and Mexico. Col. Young has been a consistent friend of the Mexican people for more than forty years and it may be added that one of Mexico's richest assets is its champion in the United States.

Strange Bedfellows.

IT IS proverbial in America that politics makes strange bedfellows. It does in other countries besides America. But, of course, it is proverbial here, because politics is thicker in America than in any other country in the world.

This proverb was brought to mind the other day by reading a dispatch from St. Paul which announced that J. Frank Hanly, formerly Governor of Indiana, had not only been nominated as Presidential candidate for the Prohibition party, but that he accepted the nomination. It must have been news to many people that Hanly was a Prohibitionist.

He was one of the stand-pats of all stand-pats among Republicans until now. Any one who had seen him eight years ago on the platform at Chicago at the convention that nominated William H. Taft was impressed with the man's strong virility. He was not for Taft, but for Fairbanks, on that occasion, and put his fellow-Indianian in nomination. The Roosevelt crowd was very hostile to anyone who did not take the Taft dope, which at that time Roosevelt was ladling out in abundant measure to Republicans. When Hanly began to speak there was raised a hubbub all over the convention, from the floor, from the galleries, and from the platform behind the speaker and the chairman. Hanly is a tremendous man physically, standing six feet and over, and possessed of a fair voice. The way he hurled defiance at the many thousands of hostile voices and hostile faces in the Coliseum was inspiring, and, turning around, he faced Alice Roosevelt and her crowd behind him with about as fine a piece of scathing invective as ever came from the lips of man. Then, facing the audience once more, with folded arms, he belied like a bull of Bashan: "I can stand this as long as you can. I am here to address this convention, and I will do it if it takes a week. It is up to you when you will hear me, but hear me you must, and shall."

Imports and Revenues.

THE foreign commerce of America is breaking all records these war times, when half the world is fighting and leaving America to do much of the business of humanity. For the fiscal year, ended June 30, the total business done in and out of America amounted to the huge sum of more than \$6,500,000,000. Of course, it makes prosperity cover the land, as the waters cover the sea. But it is a prosperity the cause of which every right-minded man regrets.

In spite of this great business, the revenues of the country have been insufficient to meet the expenses of the government. It is true that two-thirds of the six and a half billion dollars coming in and going out of the country is in exports, which do not increase the revenues of the government. The imports amounted to but \$2,180,000,000. How many of us realize that this is more than the average imports of the current century? Indeed, it is a new record.

Turn back to 1900, and we find the imports amounting to only \$1,394,483,082. Ten years later, in 1910, the imports amounted to \$1,556,947,430. These figures for each year are for imports of merchandise. Turn to the statistics for 1911, the fiscal year ending June 30, and we find imports of all kinds amounting to \$1,646,770,367. You see, in each and every case, the imports of the last fiscal year overbalance those of any of the three preceding recorded in the World Almanac.

In spite of that the revenues of the government suffice to meet its expenses, leaving in each case a substantial surplus in the treasury. It is well to remember, too, that this revenue was raised and sufficed for the expenses of the government without any recourse

to an income tax, or a war tax, or any other kind of taxation excepting the indirect one produced by duties on imports on goods made in foreign countries.

Last year the government received an income of more than \$110,000,000 from the income tax, received other sums from the stamp tax, falsely denominated a war tax, yet, in spite of larger imports, in spite of the extra taxes levied on the people, the government at Washington has been unable to make both ends meet. Why is this? Of course, the revenue derived from the imports is much less on the larger sum of the last fiscal year than on smaller amounts in the preceding years referred to here.

Who has been benefited by the low tariffs, which have been inadequate to raise revenues to meet the expenses of the government, even with much over \$100,000,000 added by direct taxation? Has any man, woman or child in America bought a garment, from shoes to hats, from the skin out to the cloak, a cent cheaper? Has any American got a mouthful of food a cent cheaper under this inadequate tariff than under the adequate tariff before the present administration came into power?

If the expenses have increased, the administration is responsible for the increase; and, here again, who has received any benefit out of the increased pork barrel, except those who feed at the public trough? Commission has been heaped upon commission, special agents have been appointed to run the earth on special missions, heaping up additional expense to do the work which competent Ambassadors might do and could do.

Under every representative government on earth, in every part of the world, ever since governments have existed, taxation has been the crucial test of administrations, which have risen or fallen, been continued or gone out of commission, by the way they have handled the finance of the country, depending upon whether they lightened the load of taxation on the backs of the people generally, or heaped additional loads upon these poor backs.

Big Three Sure.

THE nation-wide political campaign will be on in a few days, and will be raging as hotly as the heat wave that has been sweeping over the East. Before this appears in print Mr. Hughes will have been notified formally of his nomination, and immediately thereafter all verbal batteries will break loose as noisily and vehemently as an attack along the hostile fronts in France.

The campaign promises to be a record-breaker in its earnestness. In every town in America the band will be permitted to play, at some date between the first of August and the first week in November, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

One of the most interesting features of the whole campaign will be to find back of, in front of, or beside the Republican nominee, two former Presidents of the United States. If by chance all three of the big guns should break loose at one spot, from one platform, it would be a spectacle worth seeing by men, however the gods might regard the affair.

They are all three big Americans, and two of them have been in antagonism for the last four years in such a fight as only big men ever put up. Taft and Roosevelt are very different types of humanity—one the impersonation of good nature, with a smile that won't come off, the other the impersonation of combativeness, with few smiles playing around his big mouth. They have been antagonists worthy of each other's steel during the four years since the fight came up between them.

Few, if any, other things in the campaign illustrate better the earnestness

of the people generally than the reconciliation between Roosevelt and Taft. To see the two men on the same platform would surely be a signal to all Republicans to get together, close up the ranks, and rush upon the foe with all arms of the service in the political warfare.

Cost of Living in Europe.

BEFORE the war broke out it was a remarkable experience for Americans traveling in Europe to find that they could live more cheaply there in the same style of living than at home. This strangeness was emphasized in the minds of those who kept house on a large or small scale. Naturally, in countries where the products of the soil are inadequate to meet the demands of human mouths, food in the raw state was dearer than in America. This was to be expected, but the unexpected came when the American went into a restaurant and found that he could get a larger portion of meat, bread, of most vegetables or fruits, for a half-franc or a franc—that is, 10 or 20 cents American—than would be served at home in the same style of restaurant for the same money.

We are wondering, now, with the war on, how the people live there at all. But from a report from Ireland recently it would seem that living was still cheaper than in America. The dispatch stated that the cost of living had increased by 41.2 per cent, yet the report went on to say that bread was 9 cents for a two-pound loaf, sugar 9 cents a pound, milk 7 cents a quart, and butter 32 cents a pound.

Here in Los Angeles food is much cheaper than in New York or any other large eastern city; yet if any housewife in the city will take her bills she will find she is paying as much or more for the same commodities as they cost in Ireland.

Scoot Across Continent.

ABOUT a month ago a twelve-cylinder car left San Diego, sealed in high gear, to make a run across the continent. Officials of the American Automobile Association saw the car sealed before she started, and she was to have the seal on when she reached the Atlantic Coast.

New York was her destination, but at this writing we have not heard of her arrival there yet. Nor has any other news of the "Lena" arrived here yet. But this does not signify. The interesting part of the event is that she could make the trip across the continent in any gear or all gears for automobiles. Of course, it has been done over and over again, and arrivals are common on the Coast from the East, and in the East from the Coast. The roads are probably bad in places, but generally they are good, and wherever defective the defects will be remedied within a year or so.

It is a wonderful achievement, one of the greatest of our time. The continent of America is broad, extending 3000 miles from ocean to ocean. Its surface is broken not only by immense rivers but by gigantic mountain ranges over which the roads climb. When the roads are good all the way through it will probably be easy to make twenty or twenty-five miles an hour running time across the continent, which is better time than the slow trains made across America when engine met engine at Promontory Point on the shores of Salt Lake nearly fifty years ago. Of course, it will take more days to cross the continent now in an automobile than it would then on trains, for the reason that the automobile party is not provided with sleeping accommodations and so must stop for a rest a part of every twenty-four hours. Still, six hours would probably be enough for resting time, and thus it would be possible to run eighteen hours. If the machine made twenty-five miles an hour for eighteen hours it would equal

Illustrated Weekly.

or surpass the train time of half a century ago.

But this is a case in which time is not of the essence of the event. On the contrary, a leisurely trip is in every way the most enjoyable and the most sensible. Here is where the interest centers in the way of traveling. The roads across the continent traverse many places of entrancing scenic beauty and of scenic grandeur. We can imagine nothing more delightful than to travel in this way across the continent, stopping to enjoy the beauty spots or to be almost stunned by the grandeur of some of the prospects. People of means touring Europe have indulged in this kind of travel for years past. There are very few parts of the Old World comparable in scenery to the New. It lacks the great rivers of America, and, excepting in places, lacks also the mountain scenery of the New World.

It must be indescribably exhilarating to go rushing over the good roads in a comfortable automobile. For example, leaving Los Angeles and whirling past orange groves, beautiful towns with their schools and churches, along river bottoms where meadows are lush and deep, then climbing great mountains with snowcapped peaks casting their shadows over the road. So the journey goes, crossing immense rivers, rushing into big cities in the evening, and out again in the morning. It makes one glad to live in the time we do, and in the country we live in, to think of trips like these.

The Diving Dutchman.

A STRIKING feature in the minds of the people of the past has been the Flying Dutchman. He made a sensational figure in the imagination of mankind for some hundreds of years. He was more or less a myth, and in these very practical times of materialists he has been more or less lost sight of, and is likely to go into oblivion.

The people of the present have a different figure in the mind's eye. He is a Diving Dutchman. Of course, there is a double change in this. The Flying Dutchman was a Hollander, whereas his successor, the Diving Dutchman, is a German. And there is nothing mythical about the German wonder of the day. He is a substantial, concrete fact built out of steel ribs, and nearly every other part of his anatomy is metal, from the great heart that throbs within him and gives him motive power to his outer cuticle.

There are two of him, and he is occupying the minds of men today more than even the terrific battles being waged on all the fronts of Eastern and Western Europe. It was a wonderful feat to accomplish, and required intrepid hearts to undertake it, and steady nerves to achieve it, from the time the Deutschland left her home port until she rose to the surface in Chesapeake Bay. When the Deutschland's sister ship, the Bremen, left her slip in her home port (if she ever did leave it) it required just as dauntless hearts and just as steady nerves for the captain and crew of her as for those of her forerunner.

Is there a man, no matter what his sympathies, in whose body beats the heart of a man, who does not admire the daring of these undersea sailors, and is it possible that any man not engaged in actual war is so narrow in his sympathies, so hidebound in his prejudices, as not to wish these daring navigators of the underseas well?

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[Aygwan:] Nitts: That guy would certainly make a good soldier.

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Saturday, August 5, 1916.]



THE eternal feminine! Well, what of it? Of course, femininity is eternal, and the Eagle is ashamed of you humans for the tone of sneering contempt which the expression "the eternal feminine" carries in your mind.

Why, every product of the human mind that is worth most seethes, swarms and scintillates with reference to the eternal feminine. Every real product of the imagination or fancy, whether in plain prose or decorative poetry, in nearly every page and nearly every paragraph, bulges and bulks, bubbles and boils with reference to the dear creatures. Yes, and most of you scribes are pharisees and hypocrites when you refer to the lady in tones of contempt. Yet your literature is full of sneering, sarcastic, scathing references to womanhood. You know you don't mean it, but you just think it smart to refer to the female of your species in terms of contempt and irony.

Go back as far as you like in your literature and you will find these slurring references to the companion of your bosom. Plutarch, in speaking of Marcus Cato, says he regretted three things in his life—one of which was that he once confided a secret to a woman. The miserable old grouch! Women bear secrets in their hearts that would blast from the earth half the male sex of the species, if they didn't with wonderful courage keep them shut up from the world. From Robert Heywood, a contemporary of Shakespeare, to Rudyard Kipling, English literature just teems with contemptuous references to women. Heywood was a collector of proverbs, and when he writes that woman is like a cat, having nine lives, he is merely recording the impression of the male sex

going back for generations. Even divine William himself is not without these unworthy references to women. Perhaps in his case there was a reason. You know Tom Carlyle refers to marriage as a lottery in which there is a bagfull of snakes with one eel in it, and the man puts his hand in with the expectation of grabbing the eel. Shakespeare, by all accounts, married a vixen, and her name was justified by her acts. For she had a way that was decidedly disturbing to the great poet.

Well, so it goes on down to Rudyard, with his rag and bone and hank of hair. Your Eagle has referred to English literature as being offensive in this respect, and he uses the word English with deliberation. The Eagle is proud to say that American literature is comparatively free from this taint. Lovely Lowell, beautiful Bryant and Nathaniel Hawthorne, as well as gentle Washington Irving, are stainless in their every page in the lack of unworthy references to the eternal feminine.

The Eagle is discussing this subject because of two events of recent date. The other day the great journal that carries the Eagle as its emblem printed an interview with Rider Haggard, who spoke very contemptuously of women. He ought to know, for was he not the author of "She"? The English government sent Haggard on a roving commission over the world to find places in the sun; any old spot in which Britishers may find a comfortable position after the great war is over. Romancers are generally impractical men, and the wonder is that that great practical government of a great practical people should select such a dreamer for such a job.

The other incident which is provoking the Eagle to discuss the subject of the eternal feminine is the fact that an English woman blew into Los Angeles the other day by way of South Africa, Australia, and heaven knows where else, with a vision of America being swamped with English women when the war is over. She says they have got tired over in her country marrying half-men, with one ear, one eye, one leg or one arm, and that they are coming to America to annex a lot of clean-limbed, clear-eyed Americans with all their faculties and all their limbs and outward flourishes.

This reminds one of the saying of an Eng-

lish writer of years ago, who declared that England was a paradise for women but a hell for horses, whereas Italy was a paradise for horses and a hell for women. Things must have changed in old England from that day to the days of Tennyson, for does he not say in "Locksley Hall," when lamenting the defection of his Amy half-hearted, that she married a boozey-heavy boozey who, when his passion had spent its novel force, would hold her a little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Now your Eagle, fellow-Americans, is talking of today and not of some other day, and his opinion is that the American woman is in clover all the time, and that America is the real paradise where the eternal feminine finds all the joys of life. Your Eagle's opinion is that the American woman who marries any foreigner is putting her foot into it badly; yes, thrusting her head into a noose, which, if it does not strangle her will make her breathing difficult. Look at lovely Consuelo Vanderbilt and the wretched rose who has made her life miserable in every way. So of American men. Your Eagle thinks the American who goes to seek a wife outside of his own country is putting himself in a position where his opinion of women is too likely to be that of the poets and romancers of English literature. She is the most spirituelle, fascinating creature that ever God made.

But these opinions of the Eagle are all aside from the mark. He thinks this flood of English women who are coming to America after the war are likely to find husband-hunting more exhilarating than profitable. In the first place, most American men are of the Eagle's opinion that their own countrywomen make the best wives from any point of view that they may regard the subject. Then this English woman, who is the forerunner of this great army of unmarried females from across the water, and those who are to follow her, would better look into the statistics before they come in such very great numbers. They may think there is a great superfluity of unmarried men in America, but if they do they have not counted with the Census Bureau of the country. If they find this superflux of men they will make a discovery not made by the enumerators who count the noses of the United States every ten years.

These spinsters hunting husbands in America, when they cross the briny deep, otherwise called the big ferry, will for the most part hit the American shore somewhere on the Atlantic Coast. Now, from Maine to Florida and around most of the Gulf States there is absolutely no superflux of unmarried men to be attached by these man-hunters from across the water. Out in the wild and woolly West there is a little predominance of the masculine gender over the eternal feminine, but these are about as easily caught by a husband-hunter as a grizzly bear up in the mountains.

In 1910 the census of the United States found a total of over 91,500,000 individuals of all ages in the whole continental United States. Of these the superflux of males over females amounted to barely 2,651,978. Now, remember, this is of all ages, from the cradle to the grave, of all colors, and of all sorts and conditions of men. The proportion of unmarried men to women is only 106 to the thousand. Note, furthermore, that ten years before there were 104.4 men to the thousand, and that this has increased by more than one and one-half in unattached masculinity in the ten years.

There is room for a good many English women to come to this country to make a good living. But it is not by attaching unattached men as husbands that these opportunities exist. There are millions of opportunities for these bright, buxom visitors to get well fed, well clothed and have money to spare in working in somebody's kitchen for pay. There is a great deficiency of cooks in America, but no deficiency of wives. There are other opportunities, too, but in these other openings the newcomer will find more competition and harder to overcome on the part of the American girls than they will as cook-ladies. The eternal feminine is not given so much to matrimony as she was, and yet nearly every American man who wants a wife can soon find some woman as willing as Barkin.

Yours,

The Eagle

THE



LANCE

ISN'T it jolly to be a jail matron who is suspected of being overworked? See how the clubwomen fly to arms in their defense. If they hadn't been jail matrons we might never have known what good, earnest, entirely commendable persons they were. And not even then if they hadn't been overworked.

Being an overworked jailer isn't the same thing at all. Couldn't get the "mothers of men" to take that amount of interest in us. Masculinity has to be grateful if it is worked at all, the more work it has to do, the more privileged it should feel.

But it is going to be a bit fearsome if the women's clubs are going to take a strenuous public interest in the labors of all employed females. This equality-of-labor business that we have heard so much about—it doesn't mean quite that. The women have always insisted that both their intellects and their physical capacity enabled them to compete with men on a basis of equality. Indeed, they have assured us that they work much harder as a mere housewife, whose labors are "never done." But it is pretty evident they now mean to have the privileges of both sexes, and not necessarily the responsibilities of either. Time was when nothing would induce women to stand by their sex. Now they look like overdoing it. If a member of a woman's club is elected to office, no matter what she does or leaves undone, the whole club rushes to her defense, writes effusive endorsements of her good character—one suspects them of keeping printed slips for the

purpose—and generally creates a hubbub.

We can't prevent that, but we might arrange that our masculine clubs perform a like service. Think how inspiring it would be if every man that accepts public service in any capacity could rely upon having his sex kick up such a hullabaloo whenever he was in trouble!

The Sorrows of Satan.

NOTICE how good we are all getting? Brotherly love, politeness, the unvarnished truth and all that sort of thing. Advertisers specializing in "conservative" eulogy of their goods; trade guarantees of your money back; shocked alarm at cafe dancing; righteous disapproval of seductive fashions; open horror at cigarette-smoking; better babies; prison reform; patriotism; chain letters—oh, yes, especially chain letters; peace societies; morals efficiency commissions; vacation homes; relief funds; social uplift and rescue work; clean-up days; tag days; silent prayer for the community; public economy; adopting orphans; planting trees; charity fêtes and performances; reviving poetry; pensioning teachers; listening to the outpourings of college professors; night schools; America first; uplifting the new citizen; prohibition; civic centers; parent-teacher associations; Billy Sunday; rooming-house ordinances; abolition of roller towels; early closing; full pay for volunteer recruits; mother's pensions—goodness, why, we are just cosing with virtue at every pore! In the cause of goodness we are prepared to make absolute nuisances of ourselves. Satan must be having an awfully dismal time of it. Why, it has become so pronounced that we have to hunt round for sin, to headline even the most modest crimes in our newspapers, to kick up a dust about the most minor offenses. The world must be pretty virtuous when we can get excited about dancing and cigarette-smoking, and abuse Hetty Green for mere sins of omission. When to be rich is the heinous crime and not to be recklessly generous an incredible sin.

Chain Letters.

HOW many chain letters have you had? And how do they affect you? It seems to me that every friend I ever owned has

started sending out chain letters and they all choose me as an addressee. I am asked to send a dime to this and a dime to that and a dime to the other society, and to send three, six or ten more letters to other innocent victims and make them do the same. And it is nothing unusual to get several chain letters for the same purpose, each bearing a plaintive plea that I do not break the chain, as it means a loss of \$50, \$100 or \$500 to the cause if I am so remiss. If I kept up faithfully with all the chains that have been wound around me I shouldn't have time for very much else.

And it takes peculiar strength of mind and stoniness of heart to break those confounded chains. One wanders about with that dismal loss of dollars on an irritated conscience and cordially curses the send'er who picked one out for a victim. And with the full knowledge that if one doesn't break the chain, all the victims one selects oneself will be cursing us as cordially.

By one mail I received two chain letters on behalf of disabled soldiers, one for French orphans, and a chain prayer for peace. A generous response to them means two letters to send dimes, one to send a quarter, eighteen letters to other victims, considerable mathematics in working out proper numbering, and the copying out of six long prayers, to say nothing of a young fortune in postage stamps. A nice thing to let a busy man in for, to say nothing of a journalist who may or may not possess the necessary affluence to disgorge dimes and postage stamps, and eat at the same time. But behold the concluding plea: "Please do not break the chain, as it will mean a loss of \$500 to the good cause." Was ever moral tyranny more ruthless?

And the conundrum of the week is, Did I or did I not break those chains?

Marie Corelli on the Warpath.

I SEE Marie Corelli is on the warpath again in the London papers. She is loquaciously deplored the sinful folly of extravagance in fashions, food and pleasure in which she declares Britain is steeped. She reserves a tornado of invective for the gay restaurants which she obviously considers should be closed forthwith.

Now from all accounts the first place a poor devil, released on a few days' leave from the trenches, searches out, is a gay restaurant and a good meal, in the company of his lady friends, who are at pains to dress up stylishly for the occasion. What more natural? How his heart must offer up a prayer of gratitude for the restaurants. How pleasant it must be to see his women folk still courageous enough to dress up in his honor. What better could be designed to take his harassed mind off slaughter and sudden death?

And after months of military camp cooking and rations, what a blessed relief to scan a real menu and give a debonnaire order.

And since he is out fighting for his country, protecting it from invasion, what better proof could he ask than to see bright faces and find good meals awaiting him? He has helped protect his country to good purpose and he returns to tell the glad tale in the trenches. They have not suffered in vain. And Marie, preaching a doctrine of gloom and demanding that those who stay at home at least pursue a course of imitation suffering—they have been fighting for her, too. Why deny them that merry little interlude of food and laughter and bright lights? Would they really be happier to find everyone tearful and subdued—a positive reflection upon their gallantry, a faultering of faith in their ultimate triumph?

My Flag.

A piece of cloth a-flutter in the breeze; Some might deem it but a gaudy rag; And yet my heart beats faster at its sight, Because—it is my country's flag.

It may be faded, or it may be bright, It may be small, or of dimensions grand; It matters not to me its hue or size, Because, it is the symbol of my native land.

Long may its folds in peace and glory wave, Over the land where dwells the free and brave, And when for me the sands of life shall pass, Beneath the Stars and Stripes make them my grave.

JAMES T. EAGNY.

"The American for just so many roads, who he over believe to be affected in sympathy with the movement of the public and their demands and have means to organize the organization that will no doubt trainmen, but which they a press beyond the line of day-hounds and for that the place of the enly amperes the organization. I believe shorties will action in the causing the avoid the an enormous bear upon the men of the President don't have the crisis in the adminis to take some If the diff

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OUT-O'-DOOR LIFE.

The Rural Review. By M. V. Hartranft.

Lemon Tricks.

THE importers of Italian lemons are up to their old tricks again. They promised to keep the American markets well supplied with lemons, if the Democratic administration would lower the import duty so that they could do so. The tariff was lowered and the industry in California suffered a severe shock; but the lemon importers have not kept faith. In spite of the noisy announcements, it now appears that they have caused a great shortage in the summer supply for the American markets this year, and as a result of this shortage during the heated term the lemon market has been soaring upward at an alarming rate.

The California supply had been estimated at about twenty-five carloads per day for the months of July and August to take care of the territory that is not easily reached by the importers of the Italian lemons at the port of New York. Owing to the tricky handling of the market by the importers' union, dealers throughout the Atlantic Coast area have had to turn their attention again to California's supply of lemons, and as a result during a large part of July over fifty carloads of lemons were shipped each day from this State. This was of considerable temporary profit to our growers, but it is disarranging to trade conditions, and will undoubtedly make a further shortage in the supply for August. It is doubtful if trade requirements can now be properly met with.

The importers of Mediterranean lemons have had a temporary profit on the present market, but it seriously impairs their claim to being able to properly supply the American markets.

Southern California has planted many thousands of acres of lemons which will be coming into bearing in the next two and three years. These plantings were made under the stimulation given the industry by the high protective tariff. It is fortunate for the welfare of California and for the best interests of the United States that these large plantings have been made. Whether the faithful planters shall be slaughtered by these tricky manipulations of the market will depend upon the action of Congress upon this matter. The lemon tariff must be restored and held firmly in place until California lemons have come into control of the market, as our oranges have done.

Cover Crops.

The season for planting cover crops approaches. We bear of many cases of difficulty with cover crops in the San Fernando Valley last spring. On account of the dry spring, several orchardists in that section, who had not prepared their ground properly, were caught with a heavy growth of cover crop which they had difficulty in turning under. It is predicted in the San Fernando region that many of those who suffered in this way last year will refrain from planting a cover crop hereafter.

It seems strange that anyone should encounter a difficulty of this character. No one should plant a cover crop without taking into consideration the danger of having to irrigate during the winter, or at least in the spring after the crop has matured. To do this it is necessary, of course, to sow the seed of the cover crop and harrow it in; then to mark out irrigation furrows exactly as though one intended to irrigate at once. In this way, one may turn the irrigation water down the furrows at any time during the winter or spring, in order to get it into shape to plow. The seed pushed out by the furrow-marker will work into the sides of the furrows and in various ways be properly taken care of.

Winter Rains.

The subject of cover crops brings to mind the thought of winter rains. Southern California had a fearful shock from floods last winter, and the lesson has been delivered home in all directions.

We note from the Orange Post that the water companies of El Modena and Villa Park, which get their supplies from the Santiago Creek, have initiated the work of flood prevention and water conservation by the construction of check dams at the head of their canyon. The two local water companies have made an appropriation of \$5000 Average of entire block.....



AN OVERHEAD RAIN MACHINE.

If you have water piped under a pressure of forty or fifty pounds, the overhead system is ideal for foothill slopes. All sprinkling must be done on land which is thoroughly covered with mulch. Ordinary galvanized pipe, with holes drilled three feet apart and three-sixty-fourths of an inch in diameter, may be used in series of six lengths (120 feet) with a water pressure of fifty pounds. Such a pipe may be mounted on low stakes or suspended at any desired height in the air, with a sprinkling radius of thirty feet on each side. For alfalfa pasture patches on hillsides and for hillside orchard plantings the overhead system is superb.

each for experimental work in building retarding dams in the Ben Iron Canyon, a tributary of their main stream. A crew of ten or fifteen men are now at work to check the flood water and conserve it. The character of the work was decided upon after the board of directors had visited Haynes Canyon in Los Angeles county. If the experiment work proves successful, the local water companies will continue appropriations each year until the whole canyon is subdued.

Walnut Tree Records.

A block of forty-five Placentia Perfection walnut trees planted at Santa Susana in 1907 has been the subject of some book-keeping that is mighty interesting to all orchardists. It shows the variation of yield in different trees. The yield in pounds for each tree in the past four years is shown by the following table:

Tree	No	1912	1913	1914	1915	Total	Ave.
19	44	48	65	90	247	61.75	
12	38	42	60	72	212	53	
23	32	41	66	72	211	52.75	
32	30	37	58	78	203	50.75	
18	30	40	52	67	189	47.25	
11	22	43	50	57	172	43	
9	..	38	48	66	152	38	
31	20	28	55	48.5	151.5	37.875	
36	16	31	48	55.5	150.5	37.625	
3	20	31	45	37	133	33.25	
87	20	28	38.5	46	132.5	33.125	
0	10	25	44	47	126	31.5	
33	7	22	37	56.5	122.5	30.625	
7	6	21	41	48	116	29	
25	14	17	34	40	115	28.75	
24	12	30	25	41	108	27	
26	23	29	21	32	105	26.25	
5	10	36	12	41	99	24.75	
30	13	18	35	31.5	97.5	24.375	
41	13	18	28.5	37	96	23.75	
21	10	14	32	39	95	23.75	
29	14	12	33	32	91	22.75	
39	8	13	30	35	96	21.5	
20	22	19	11	29.5	91.5	20.375	
44	10	13	19	35	77	19.25	
10	19	16	16	26	77	19.25	
14	7	26	31	12	76	19	
6	3	17	23	25	68	17	
1	6	15	10	20	51	12.75	
43	3	9	13.5	21	45.5	11.375	
42	9	7	12.5	17	45.5	11.375	
22	..	3	12	25	40	10	
40	6	2	12.5	15	35.5	8.875	
2	7	14	..	12	33	8.25	
27	11	13	..	10	34	8.5	
16	..	2	5	25	32	8	
8	..	4	8.5	17	29.5	7.375	
15	..	3	10	14	27	6.75	
35	..	5	6	13.5	24	6.125	
34	..	1	2	8	9	2.25	
28	..	3	..	5	8	2	
38	..	4	4	8	2	1	
					23.887		

[187]

of the individual selling agencies, but merely contemplated control of distribution.

Pig versus Pup.

The bankers in many sections are realizing the value of pig club work as a means of materially improving rural conditions, according to club agents of the department. Not a few of the bankers have made it possible for worthy club members to secure pigs on their personal notes. In this way a well-bred pig is secured and the member can pay for it from the proceeds of the pig as a meat animal or from the sale of offspring in the case of a breeding animal. The member enters into a business agreement (with the parents' consent) with the banker, and is in this way relieved of the stigma of charity, which is the result when a pig is given outright. This arrangement is a practical means of teaching business methods to the rural young people. It is also a character-building process, for it is but natural for a boy when treated as a man to act in a manly manner.

This apparent generosity on the part of the bankers is in many cases business acumen. A case in point is that of a Texas bank. The president of the bank placed 325 pigs among the pig-club members of his county. As a result of the acquaintance made in securing and placing these pigs many new patrons were secured. These patrons brought in over \$75,000 in individual deposits. Needless to say that this was a profitable business for the bank, but it is also a means that will increase with time in its beneficial influence. One of the Texas papers states that the banker "has laid the foundation for a prosperity which will be lasting. The boys that he has helped to get started in the hog business are now on their feet financially, and before many years they will be making big shipments of hogs to market each year. The money received from the sale of hogs will be expended in further developing the country. Every merchant in the county will profit, the banks will get more deposits, and the farmers will have more money with which to further develop their farms."

Tree Temperature.
It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself is to be considered, since its temperature is about 45 deg. Fahr. at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 deg. So, it will be seen, a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

It is for this reason that municipal experts contend that trees should be planted in the tenement districts of large cities. If, they reason, the air can be made cooler and purer by trees, fewer children will die of heat ailments. As more city children die during the months of June, July, August and September than in any other period of the year the importance of the suggestion has received widespread notice.

Oxweld Welding and Cutting Supplies

Our rods, wire and fluxes are the VERY BEST obtainable for the price and quality.

GET A TRIAL ORDER.

Oxweld Acetylene Company
654-656 Pacific Electric Building

Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?
Call on us for relief. There are numerous Arch Supports put on the market to correct flat feet are made over form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by expert workmen and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.
731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

97

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Illustrated Weekly.

CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

Getting There.

THE industries of Los Angeles and the section about are increasing in variety, and in every way growing space. One of the greatest developments has been in metal industries. Some years ago this section was dependent upon the East for everything in the way of metals used in Southern California. We are rapidly working out our own independence. This is illustrated by a contract secured by the Southern California Iron and Steel Company to furnish bolts and rivets required in aqueduct extensions. The original contract was awarded to the Baker Iron Works, the Lacy Manufacturing Company and the Western Pipe and Steel Company, all local concerns. This original contract amounted to about \$750,000. The three concerns have sublet the bolts and rivets to the Southern California Iron and Steel Company at \$25,000.

The Southern California Iron and Steel Company was originally known as the California Industrial Corporation, but changed its name to the present style about two years ago. When the concern, some time ago, blew in its first open-hearth, oil-burning furnace it was a sensation here in Southern California. This first furnace had a capacity of fifteen tons a day, supplemented later by one of thirty tons capacity. With this capacity of forty-five tons a day the corporation can handle a great deal of business. The company has expended \$150,000 in the last two years on its steel plant. The steel mills are thoroughly modern, and when installed a little over a year ago marked a new era in metal working in Southern California. The works include a twelve-inch blooming mill, a fourteen-inch break-down mill, and a nine-inch finishing mill.

All that is needed now is an ore smelter, and this enterprising company is very seriously studying the question of establishing one. The pig iron now used here comes from China for the most part, although there is plenty of iron ore in the San Bernardino Mountains and elsewhere in the Great Southwest. The difficulty about establishing a smelter lies in the fact that there is no coking coal near at hand. Various experiments have been made in smelting iron ores by means of crude oil and gas, and while it has been announced from time to time that processes have been found successful, yet these hopes have proved abortive.

On the Map Now.

FRANK SIMPSON'S big hotel on the corner of West Sixth street and Grand avenue in Los Angeles is in the direct line of soon becoming a concrete fact. It will be eleven stories high and cover an area of 80x60 feet. The whole depth of the lot is 120 feet, and the intention is to double the capacity of the hotel at some future time. Plans have been drawn by Morgan, Walls & Morgan, and the contract for excavating the basement has already been let. The building will be reinforced concrete, and will be as high as the city ordinance permits, containing 150 guest rooms, each with private bath, and finished in mahogany. On the ground floor will be all sorts of usual accommodations in hotels. The improvement will cost \$400,000.

Santa Monica Pier.

THE North Beach pier at Santa Monica is giving a new impetus to real estate and other matters at that beautiful beach. The old Southern Pacific property, where the station of the railroad used to be, is not far from the North Beach pier, with its immense amusement features. The Southern Pacific land is owned by a couple of local capitalists who are about to subdivide

the market. They have already made extensive improvements on the property. For example, Appian Way, which formerly stopped at Seaside Terrace, has been carried northward through the middle of the property as a sixty-foot street to Colorado avenue, where it connects with the new highway being built along the foot of the Palisades to Santa Monica Canyon. There it connects again with the Topanga Canyon route and the State highway. When this link of the road north of Colorado avenue is completed Appian Way will become a part of the automobile drive extending

along the shore line from Santa Monica Canyon to Playa del Rey. Another important improvement is the extension of the roadbed of the Pacific Electric air line, made by electrifying the old Southern Pacific steam line which passes under the Ocean avenue viaduct and along the northern edge of the property to Ocean Front promenade. This route is said to be the only one on the Coast loading passengers directly at the surf.

The Looff pier is spoken of as one of the marvels of the southern coast, although it is yet several weeks from completion. It is claimed that when finished it will be the largest in point of actual floor area not merely on the Coast but in the United States. It will extend out to sea a distance of 1055 feet, and with the municipal pier, which it adjoins, it will be more than 300 feet in width.

Ramona Acres.

THIS beautiful residence district in the heart of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley has been a great success in the hands of the Janss Company, which has handled it for the last three years. The population is quite important there, and the grade school just completed at New Ramona Acres is a notable feature in the San Gabriel Valley. The school is constructed of brick and contains eight class-rooms as well as a large auditorium. The cost is about \$45,000. There is scarcely a week that The Times real estate department fails to chronicle a number of sales to new actual settlers in this addition to the original Ramona Acres. It is an acre proposition, where the settler can secure a full acre of land for \$1500 or less. It is admirable for chicken ranches, and on an acre an industrious family can easily raise fruit and vegetables enough for its own use and pay the grocery bill out of the products of the chicken yard. It is so convenient to the city that business men can easily come in about as quickly as from the more distant parts of the city proper.

In Antelope Valley.

AN IMPORTANT transaction in Antelope Valley lands took place about two weeks ago in the transfer of 320 acres at Five Points, about nine miles northwest of Lancaster. The transfer was made to George S. Marigold, who already had large acreage in the vicinity. He now has 2800 acres. It is directly adjacent to the big 1000-acre tract owned by Frank Hart of the Southern California Music Company, and not far from the 640-acre tract being put into alfalfa by San Francisco interests. The price of the property transferred is reported at \$16,000.

An Ill Wind.

WHEN the Los Angeles Investment Company, through bad management if not actual criminality, blew up like a bomb some years ago, it was decidedly an ill wind to a great many unfortunate investors in the ill-fated stock of the concern. In the hands of new managers, honest and competent, the old defunct concern has been put upon its feet and converted into a vigorous business entity. The old managers left a great bunch of bungalows on the market, and these have been largely disposed of by the new managers. A recent account of a cleaning-up sale reports the transfer of nearly a dozen of the bungalows to new actual owners. The great bunch of stuff left by the defunct concern was put in the market at very reasonable prices, and in this way the ill wind blew good to the new owners of these pretty bungalows.

Lankershim Flourishes.

UNIVERSAL CITY is a film concern known all over the United States. It is situated in the San Fernando Valley not far from Lankershim. The concern employs a great many people in one way or another around the scene of its activities. This creates a demand for residences in the valley, particularly at Lankershim, where twenty-five families are reported waiting for places to live. This suggested to the Business Men's Association the project of constructing a bungalow court for the use of these employees in Universal City. The same association is considering the advisability of constructing an athletic clubhouse for the city.

use of an organization which has doubled its membership in the last few months. The Bonner Canning Company of Lankershim recently purchased 2000 tons of northern peaches to be used in its plant, besides taking all the regular run of fruit from the immediate locality. Two hundred and seventy-five men are employed in the plant. Dairying has become a staple business at Lankershim, and the establishment of the J. B. Lankershim dairy has done much to give an impetus to this industry. The whole valley is a great place for poultry, and the poultry-raisers are campaigning for the establishment of a poultry school with headquarters in Van Nuys.

The Cafeteria Idea.

THE cafeteria is a Pacific Coast idea very popular, particularly in Los Angeles. The idea was born in the head of a Los Angeles woman eleven years ago, when Miss Helen S. Mosher, who had been conducting a lunch counter in Jackson, Mich., removed to Los Angeles and developed the lunch counter into a cafeteria. She associated with her two other women and opened an eating house to which she gave the new name in a room containing seventy-five tables and a long steam table where the provisions were kept warm. The idea took root, and in a little while the women opened a second one in this city, and then one in San Francisco. At the end of seven years they sold out, and Miss Mosher's share was a clean-up of \$40,000. Ideas pay.

Van Nuys Progress.

VAN NUYS is a wonder, even of Southern California, for the rapidity of its growth and the substantialness of its development. So great is the demand for building in the new city that a building association has been established, known as the Home Investment Association, a branch of one from Redlands. Although the office was opened only a short time ago, loans are reported applied for and approved to the extent of \$15,000. A contract was let a couple of weeks ago for \$10,000 worth of new bungalows. These will have five to seven rooms, will be erected five at a time, financed by the new association. There is not a vacant house in the townsite of Van Nuys, and this is a condition that has existed for a year.

Imperial Highway.

BETWEEN Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley there is a great deal of traffic. Then the road between the two points is a long link in the ocean-to-ocean highway. Part of the road, particularly in the Coachella Valley, is subject to damage by winter floods. The property-holders in this valley are planning to protect their property from these floods, and this will protect the road. For years the money expended on this highway between Banning and the Riverside county line has been of very temporary value. The winter floods come down the Whitewater River and smaller streams and wash out much of the road. The property-owners of the Coachella Valley have formed an association and elected trustees with the idea of doing something to lessen the destruction by these winter floods, which will be of importance not only to the people of the valley but to the numerous persons who use the road between the two points.

Educational Preparedness.

A COUPLE of San Francisco school teachers visiting Los Angeles during July took up The Times one morning, and an item of news there caught their eyes. One said to the other, "Just think, Los Angeles appropriates more than \$5,000,000 for school purposes this year." San Francisco and Los Angeles are not much apart in the way of population, but San Francisco is away ahead of Los Angeles in the capitalization of her finances and the value of her property. Yet the money appropriated for educational purposes in Los Angeles astonished these two San Francisco pedagogues. The Board of Education of Los Angeles is taking time by the forelock in putting the schools in order during vacation so as to have them ready when school opens. Additions and improvements have been ordered for a great many of the schools in the city.

[167]

Floating Tuna Cannery.

TUNA fishing has become a great industry off the coast of Southern California. The Van Camp Canning Company last spring announced that they would build and equip a floating cannery for use this year. They have had plenty of time to do it, for the fish have been very backward in biting this summer. However, the sea chicken has made up its mind to come to its senses and use its meal tickets at last. The big floating cannery is operating down off of San Diego, and the concern is reported to be an abundant success.

Through Cars to Redlands.

BEAUTIFUL Redlands, perched up at the side of the San Bernardino Mountains, is rejoicing at the prompt prospect of having direct electric car service with Los Angeles. The Pacific Electric people have let a contract for the material for building the bridge across the Santa Ana wash between Redlands and San Bernardino. As soon as this bridge is completed and the track ballasted in a few places, through cars will be run between the metropolis and the mountain city. The bridge will cost \$30,000. It takes some bridge to carry the 100,000-pound steel cars of the Pacific Electric Railroad Company.

Churches Grow, Too.

EVERYTHING grows in Southern California, not only even churches but especially churches. The Christian churches of Southern California held their twenty-eighth annual convention during the last part of July at Long Beach. The secretary reported the membership as 13,548 persons. The total number of accessions during the past year 3324, with losses of 2138, leaving a net-gain of 1186. The total amount of missionary funds received was \$12,700, while the amount handled for missions during the year was \$50,000. It seems to be a democratic body, for 3000 delegates were present.

Footprints of Prosperity.

THE value of all Arizona property for taxation purposes for the current year is put at \$480,887,681, an increase over last year's figures of \$67,557,287.

Plans for a highway to be built between Los Angeles and Pasadena were filed recently with the Board of Supervisors of the county. The Southern California Automobile Club is behind the movement. It would follow a scenic route, and be the third automobile trunk line between the two cities.

The bill passed by Congress appropriating \$5,000,000 toward the construction of good roads having been passed, the Department of Agriculture has certified to the Secretary of the Treasury the apportionment to the different States. California gets \$151,963.

The cantaloupe-shipping season in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, is now about at an end, with 660 carloads sent out thus far. Prices ran to more than \$4 a crate at times, and the average grower's profit is estimated at \$135 an acre.

The California Orchard Development Company has secured an immense tract of land between Hemet and San Jacinto aggregating 1147 acres at a cost of \$300,000.

The packing-house to be constructed at Whittier by the Murphy Oil Company is to be built at once, the contract having been let for \$100,000.

The largest body of timber ever offered for sale in the Pacific Northwest has been placed on the market, consisting of 720 acres on the watershed of the West Hood River, Oregon, and is estimated at \$30,000,000 feet.

Home building in Los Angeles still goes on in boom fashion. Among recent permits was one for a ten-room residence at No. 543 South Wilshire place, a second for a ten-room residence at No. 723 South Serrano street. Work is in progress on a ten-room house at Lafayette Square, and another one is about to be started in the same subdivision of the same size. A nine-room house will soon be started in Westchester place between Ninth and Tenth streets. Plans have been completed for an eight-room house to be built in Hollywood, and the contract has been let for a seven-room house at No. 351 Windsor avenue. Of the building of bungalows there is no end.

A Los Angeles contractor has secured a job to build a hotel to cost \$350,000 at Colorado Springs for the Santa Fe Railroad Company.

7

132

under the steering-wheel of his car and was off. In town he found the florist's shop still open. He left an order for flowers to be delivered daily to Mrs. Westbar, with the direction: "No more pink snapdragons. Something different each day. Tomorrow, one of these white azaleas; next day, hyacinths. Always the new and unexpected."

Ten days later he was re-established at Colheda, and Col. Thorwald had heartily indorsed him as a prospective brother-in-law.

"Some fancied neglect of duty may cause her to feel that she must remain true to Westbar, who was an invalid and much older than Barbara." The end of the colonel's talk remained vividly with Gerard. "Get her out of the notion, captain, and I'm everlastingly in your debt."

In his quarters on the edge of the canal he resumed his work, but counted the days since he left Arbortown, and the days which must elapse before he could return to continue his suit.

He was at his desk when the first letter arrived from Rebecca Blucher, written in her angular hand which brought before him that lady's straight, black figure, and the dried huskiness of her voice.

"I guess that greenhouse man will be running out of flowers pretty quick," she began, without preamble. "Yesterday it was violets, and today a bunch of sweet-brier came mixed with laurel. I'm not saying that they don't interest her, but she got a new urn as quick as she was able to go into that room again, and she goes and stands by it, if the flowers come extra pretty or sweet-smelling. So I say that man wouldn't need to be stocking his greenhouse with new kinds of plants against a will like that—but, of course, you're a man and can do as you please."

Gerard laughed over the letter. He read

his own meaning into the discouraging lines and hugged his hope. Further, he would assist the greenhouse man with an offering of his own. A half-day's ride back from Colheda, on a marshy lake, grew a certain marvelous lily. He would bring some at once and send them north on the evening mail.

With a box to carry them in, he untied his horse from its post in front of the building and struck across the plain toward the forest.

It occurred to him afterward that he might have telephoned the colonel, or told Mason, his assistant, of his plans. But at that time he thought only of getting the lilies so that they might be sent that night.

On a previous occasion he had made the trip in half a day, but this time he was less fortunate. It was the third day after he had ridden so surely into the forest that he walked out of it on his return, and stood overlooking the great plain of the canal.

He had found fruit and nuts to eat. He had been able to protect himself with a fire at night. Physically, he was no worse for his adventure. But he had no lilies, and no search had been made for him. He had been found absent, and his absence had created no stir.

As he paused before beginning the descent to headquarters, he was reflecting rather bitterly on the outcome of his expedition, but one glance across the plain banished such considerations. The dreaded, always-to-be-feared thing had again happened. A slide was in the cut.

His experienced eye estimated the damage. His quarters were gone. He realized why no searching parties had been sent out for him. They believed him dead under the fresh earth of the canal. To the west nothing remained of the upper masonry of the locks. The colonel's headquarters alone was left of the buildings which had occupied the prado.

Gerard hurried across the half-mile of lower ground and entered Col. Thorwald's office. He had expected to be hailed as one raised from the dead, but his entrance created little surprise.

"Your horse came home yesterday with the box of flowers tied to the saddle," explained the colonel; "then we knew you weren't in the slide. What happened?"

"The forest growth was almost impassable," Gerard explained.

"Unusual spring rains."

"Probably the cause. Anyway, it was dark before I had the lilies packed. The next morning, when I was ready to start back, the horse was gone. There had been growls in the night, but I had built up the fire and gone back to sleep."

"A prowler gave him a fright. He got back last night." Col. Thorwald motioned Gerard into the private office, and sat down opposite him. "I needed the men in the cut, and I knew you were woodsmen enough to take care of yourself," he continued. "I forwarded the flowers to Arbortown."

Gerard thanked him, while the colonel selected a paper from among those on his desk.

"I received this telegram," he said, "after the northern papers had reported the slide, with your name among the missing."

With quickened pulse, Gerard took the yellow blank extended to him and read: "Was Capt. Gerard lost in slide? Reply immediately."

He glanced at his chief, inquiringly. Col. Thorwald sat twirling his pencil in his long, brown fingers. His white mustache twitched with a curl of his lip.

"I knew you weren't in the cut," he drawled. "Perhaps you'll say I was wrong, but I've learned down here in this slippery hole of a country to fight fire with fire. I confirmed the report."

Gerard sprang forward. "You mean—" Thorwald produced a square envelope and

from his pocket. "This came a few minutes ago. Read it, and then do as you think best."

The letter was from Rebecca Blucher. It discussed the fact of Gerard's death, and closed by saying: "It's plain now she loved him. She keeps his flowers in that sacred remembrance urn of hers, and has started men to building the sun-room he wanted her to have. She has forgot all the past except what he's in. Some women never know when they're well off until it's too late."

Gerard slapped the paper onto the desk. "If you will let me off, colonel, I will start north tonight."

"Go ahead," said the other. "The affair is for you to work out."

At Arbortown Gerard found Barbara in a half-finished sun-parlor, and there was no hint of the past in her greeting. "Fate could not be so cruel as to take you," she cried, with cleansing tears through which he saw shining the bright sun of their future.

Up to the Dog.

[Tit Bits:] Private Jones was summoned to appear before his captain.

"Jones," said the officer, frowning darkly, "this gentleman complains that you have killed his dog."

"A dastardly trick," interrupted the owner of the dog, "to kill a defenseless animal that would harm no one!"

"Not much defenseless about him," chimed in the private, heatedly. "He bit pretty freely into my leg, so I ran my bayonet into him."

"Nonsense!" answered the owner angrily. "He was a docile creature. Why did you not defend yourself with the butt of your rifle?"

Gerard sprang forward. "You mean—" Thorwald produced a square envelope and

asked Private Jones, with spirit.

The Daily Married Life of Helen and Warren.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"OH, I HOPE we can get a table outside," wished Helen, as they went up the graveled, geranium-bordered walk at the Sea Crest Hotel.

"Looks pretty crowded," Warren paused to scan the long dining veranda.

Light gowns, fluttering fans and wilted walters attested to the heat. A military band, in white uniforms, clashed an accelerated air.

"Plenty of seats inside, sir," persuaded the head waiter.

"What can you give us out here?" demanded Warren.

"Nothing just now. If you care to wait—"

"Oh, look; those people are leaving over there by the railing," interrupted Helen, eagerly.

As the departing couple rose, hastily they edged their way through and took triumphant possession of the table.

"Dear, this is wonderful;" turning from the soiled dishes, Helen rested her elbow on the railing and gazed out at the smoldering sunset.

The heat mist, shrouding the horizon, dimmed the fiery ball, already slipping into the sea.

"Yes, we're in luck to get this. Look at 'em coming."

A stream of people were turning in from the boardwalk. Pausing on the steps, they would glance over the veranda, then reluctantly follow the head waiter into the gloriously-lit dining room.

The sun now almost submerged, a couple of bell boys ran out to haul down the flag that fluttered from a tall staff on the lawn. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and everyone rose.

Helen felt a thrill of patriotism as she watched this military ceremony, and gazed out across the ocean, beyond which so many countries were devastated by war. The peaceful crowd about her seemed suddenly very carefree and prosperous.

"Here, clear this table and take my order!"

Warren's sharp complaint grated harshly. It was enough just to sit there and rest, without struggling for service, which she knew from the crowd would be slow.

"This isn't my table, sir. I'll send your waiter."

Frowningly Warren pushed back the soiled dishes and threw over them a corner

of the coffee-stained cloth, rescued a match-safe from the clutter, and lit a cigar.

"Is that a large steamer?" She was gazing at the dark speck that headed a trailing length of smoke against the skyline.

But Warren was watching an over-stuffed woman in an absurdly tight gown, her fat hands crowded with diamonds, and lumpish pearls embellishing her ears.

"Jove, I'd hate to buy food for the females around here," he said, his caustic glance wandering on to another robust lady, her pink corpulence bulging her thin white waist.

"You'd hardly think she'd need furs," mused Helen, noticing the white fox scarf about her bulky shoulders.

"Bout time to let 'em know we're here," belligerently, his impatience again flaring up. "Hold on; you the waiter for this table?"

"No, sir; I'll send him to you."

Here a perspiring waiter, his shirtfront bristling with checks, dashed up, cleared the table and flung on a damply-fresh cloth.

"Where's the roasts?" Warren was scowling at the faintly-mimeographed dinner card. "No roasts, no vegetables—noting but soup and cold meat? What the Sam Hill does this mean?"

"Oh, here's a notice," Helen read the note at the bottom of the card.

"The new management begs to announce that this is but a temporary menu. Within the next few days it will be sufficiently augmented to afford complete service."

"Huh," growled Warren, "we're in for it, all right." Then scanning the soups, "St. Germain—those peas canned or fresh?"

"Canned, sir," admitted the waiter.

"Consomme, then," curtly. "Cold roast beef and a bottle of bass."

"Chicken salad and a claret lemonade," contributed Helen. Then, as the waiter disappeared, "Dear, that's not so bad; it's too hot to eat much, anyway. But you wouldn't think they'd change management in the middle of the season."

"Oh, these summer hotels are always changing hands. Expensive plants to keep up—and not much doing except Saturday and Sunday."

"There's a lighthouse." She was glancing out at the misty horizon, from which flashed a faint revolving light.

The dusk had deepened and the arc lights on the lawn lit up the benches filled with cellar—can't get anything out of this."

the boardwalk crowd that had wandered in to listen to the music.

"Gee whiz, it's hot here! Not a breath of air. Bet it's 10 degrees cooler in town," wiping inside his collar. "Boneheads to come down here and put up with this crowd, heat and rotten service. Darned sight more comfortable home."

Another ten minutes and Warren, glaring around for their waiter, was on the verge of an explosive outbreak, when the proprietor approached their table.

"Are you getting served? Your order been taken?"

"It's been taken," emphasized Warren, ungraciously.

"Hurry along this gentleman's order," snapping his finger at a passing omnibus. Then, to Warren: "We're a little short-handed tonight. Just took over the place yesterday. Put in a whole new crew—this is our first meal."

"Only since yesterday?" somewhat mollified. "Then you haven't had much time to get running."

"Not with the way they left things. You ought've seen the kitchen. We had seven men scrubbing all night—every pot and pan scoured by morning. We've put in one of the best chefs in the country. What you get here—you'll get clean."

"I suppose some of the hotel kitchens are fearfully dirty," shuddered Helen.

"Well, I know a few restaurants—smart ones, too, where you wouldn't have much appetite if you saw the kitchens. But this new inspection law is going to change all that."

"I hear they're after 'em pretty hard," observed Warren. "Got to clean up or close up. Give inspection cards, don't they?"

"Yes; they've three ratings—good, fair and bad. In any restaurant now you can ask to see their rate card before you give your order. They've got to show it." Then, as their tray-laden waiter approached with a bow, he passed on.

"Oh, I think that's a wonderful law," enthused Helen, who never ate at a restaurant without wiping off the plates and silver, dubious as to their cleanliness.

"Health department's having one of its periodical spasms. Soon die down, and things'll be as dirty as ever," shrugged Warren, pessimistically. "Let's have that salt."

"There's a lighthouse." She was glancing out at the misty horizon, from which flashed a faint revolving light.

"It's the dampness," poking her fork prong through the perforated top. Then, musingly, "But surely the really good places and the big hotels are fairly clean."

"Wouldn't bank on it! Management may be all right, but they've got a lot of ignorant foreign help. Here, did that fool waiter go off without giving us any butter?"

"Dear, if they only started in yesterday—I think they're doing well to serve this crowd at all."

"That's all right; but I'd like a napkin, some butter, mustard and that bottle of bass. If they're not fixed to serve properly shouldn't open till they are."

"Anything I can get you, sir?" It was the head waiter this time.

Warren repeated his wants, and the head waiter himself supplied them.

"We're not up to the mark this evening, sir," apologetically. "We didn't expect such a crowd."

"Yes, they've been coming in pretty thick," admitted Warren.

"We'll have twenty more waiters on tomorrow night. Monday we start our shore dinner—going to make that a specialty."

"How about the price?" cutting into a thick slice of roast beef.

"Only a dollar and a half, sir. We'll serve a dinner you can't touch anywhere for less than two. And we're going to keep our a la carte bill moderate. Mr. Wilkins aims to make the prices as low as he can serve good food," pausing to refill their glasses as he was called away.

"Drumming up custom," commented Warren, with a disapproving snif at the blackened mustard jar. "They'll not be so keen when they get going."

A little later the proprietor, again hurrying by, stopped to inquire if they were being well served.

"Dear, they're really very solicitous."

"Well, I'd rather have a little better service and not so much solicitude," grunted Warren, unimpressed.

"But we must come out and have the shore dinner after they get started," persisted Helen, susceptible to the flattering attention they had received.

"Huh, they're hustling now to make good. They're new and want to get the crowd. But wait till they get 'em coming! They'll slam out grade Z food and soak you the limit. Moderate prices!" with a snort. "That song'll last about two weeks."

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WHEN RICHARD H. DANA WAS AT SAN JUAN.

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

Dana, giving him an account of what I had found at San Juan, and inclosing some of the photographs I had taken there. His most courteous replies to my questions have placed before me facts which confirm my suspicion that the hides were not thrown from the cliffs of San Juan Point, but probably from the edge of the bluff overlooking the crescent-shaped beach. He has been so kind as to send me a tracing of a sketch map made by his cousin, a civil engineer, who, Mr. Dana writes, "went to the spot, took some photographs, and examined the situation carefully." This map shows San Juan Point and "Dana's Bay"—or Dana Cove, as it is now officially designated—with a sand beach which I take to be the very one shown in my photograph. Mr. Dana agrees with me in this, and has marked on my photographs the point of the beach where he thinks the hides landed.

As to the height of the cliff, Mr. Dana writes: "My father speaks of the cliff being 400 feet high. According to actual measurements, I believe it is nearer 250, but there were no accurate surveys or measurements, and my father had no instruments, and probably gave the height as he was told. It may be that he was referring to the highest possible point on any part of the cliffs, though I should think that he was referring to the point from which the hides were thrown. . . . The bight, or cove, is a fairly good-sized one and really some protection against everything except southeast winds. The strip of sand at high tide, of which he speaks, has apparently increased in width, which is very likely caused by attrition from the foot of the bluffs." Doubtless Mr. Dana is right about this widening of the beach, and, also, very probably, the abruptness of the bluff has been considerably modified by erosion since his father was there, seventy-nine years ago.

Having now before us a picture of the scene of the incident, it will be interesting to read again the author's vivid description of it. It will be remembered that Dana was one of the boat's crew which took ashore the ship's agent, who was to arrange with the people at the mission settlement for the exchange of hides for goods from the ship's cargo. When the agent returned:

"We pulled aboard and found the long-boat hoisted out, and nearly laden with goods; and, after dinner, we all went on shore in the quarter-boat with the long-boat in tow. As we drew in we descried an ox-cart and a couple of men standing directly on the brow of the hill, and, having landed, the captain took his way around the hill, ordering me and one other to follow him. We followed, picking out our way, and jumping and scrambling up, walking over briers and prickly pears, until we came to the top. Here the country stretched out for miles, so far as the eye could reach, on a level, table surface, and the only habitation in sight was the small white mission of San Juan Capistrano, with a few Indian huts about it, standing in a small hollow about a mile from where we were. Reaching the brow of the hill, where the cart stood, we found several piles of hides, and Indians sitting round them. One or two other carts were coming slowly on from the mission, and the captain told us to begin to throw the hides down. This, then, was the way they were to be got down—thrown down, one at a time, a distance of 400 feet! This was doing business on a grand scale. . . .

"Down this height we pitched the hides, throwing them as far out into the air as we could, and as they were all large, stiff and doubled, like the cover of a book, the wind took them, and they swayed and eddied about, plunging and rising in the air like a kite when it has broken its string. As it was now low tide, there was no danger of their falling into the water; and as fast as they came to the ground, the men below picked them up, and, taking them on their heads, walked off with them to the boat. It was really a picturesque sight—the great height, the scaling of the hides, and the continual walking to and fro of the men, who looked like mites on the beach. This was the romance of hide-dropping.

"Some of the hides lodged in cavities under the bank and out of sight, being directly under us, but by pitching other hides in the same direction we succeeded in dislodging them. Had they remained there, the captain said he would have sent on board for a couple of pairs of long halyards, and got someone to go down for them. It was said that one of the crew of an English brig went down in the same way, a few years before. We looked down and were gone and a soft, white gown had taken their place. The light in the woman's eyes "love," and was compelled to invent one.

especially for a few paltry hides; but no one knows what he will do until he is called upon, for six months afterward I descended the same place by a pair of top-gallant-studding-sail halyards to save half a dozen hides which had lodged there." In concluding his description of this feat, Dana wrote: "I got down in safety, pretty well covered with dirt, and for my pains was told 'What a d—d fool you were to risk your life for half a dozen hides.'"

In point of fact, probably no one can determine the precise spot from which the hides were thrown over the cliff. As far as I am aware there is no record of the performance more definite than is that which is supplied by Dana's narrative, and this does not contain details which would make possible the exact identification of the place. It becomes evident, however, from the facts which are in his son's possession, from a careful reading of his book, and from such an examination of the surroundings as I have made, that the hides were not pitched from the edge of San Juan Point, present-day impressions to the contrary notwithstanding; and that the spot from which they were thrown was some distance east of the point, and opposite the beach of Dana Cove.

For the sake of accuracy, and because of the inherent interest of the subject, it has seemed to me worth while to set forth the facts concerning this matter. I think no similarly definite record of them has ever been given general publicity. It would have been more romantic, of course, if the hides had been hurled from the top of the conspicuous and picturesque San Juan Point. But perhaps, after all, it is better to be right than merely romantic.

A Parable.

Once upon a time there was a man who possessed a cloak which he wore constantly, day and night. At last the cloak began to look worn and old, and became faded and frayed. But to those who loved the man the once-beautiful cloak was as dear and good to look upon as ever, and to the man himself it was precious, for he had always had it. He did not know how to live without it.

One day it was known that the man had received a call to a far country, and in due time he laid aside the cloak and went away. He was done with the garment, for he did not need it any longer, but those who loved the man loved the cloak, faded and worn as it was.

When the man had gone they took his cloak and laid it among sweet flowers in a costly casket, bent over it with tears of sorrow, and at last laid it out of sight in the earth.

Now, it would seem as though their thoughts would have been of the man whose cloak it was, the man to whom the call had come to fare forth upon a long and wonderful journey. But it was the cloak that received their care and attention, though they knew that it was slowly failing into dust down in the dark earth. They went often to the place and laid white flowers upon the spot, and the woman who had loved the man when he had worn the cloak clad herself in black garments and denied herself the common joys and gaieties of life. Her dark robes cast a shadow upon young lives which were made to bask in sunshine, but the woman did not see, or, seeing, did not heed.

One morning while in her garden, walking sadly to and fro and sighing over the roses the man had planted and tended, she saw, clinging to a rose-arbor, an empty cocoon, played with by the breeze, a silent, useless thing.

The woman paused and looked at it. Just then a butterfly, with wings still damp, poised upon a rose to dry itself in the sun. Little by little its wings lit and spread, and its beauty of form and coloring brought a look of pleased surprise into the woman's eyes. Silently she watched the lovely thing rise and soar, drifting from one blossom to another, keenly, wonderfully, beautifully alive.

The empty cocoon still swung, useless and dead, against the rose-arbor, but the butterfly, neither knowing nor caring what had become of it, was alive and a-wing in the glad sunshine.

When the children came home from school they looked at the woman with startled eyes, for the mourning garments were gone and a soft, white gown had taken their place. The light in the woman's eyes "love," and was compelled to invent one.

was a beautiful thing to see and the smile upon her lips brought answering smiles to the lips of the children. They ran to her and she held them close against her glad white raiment.

When they questioned her, she led them to the rose-arbor and showed them the dull and useless thing still swaying in the wind. Then she told them of the radiant butterfly. In the children's hearts there was a restored happiness, a new hold upon the joy and sunshine of life, and in the woman's heart there was a strange sweet sense of perfect peace.

HARRIET CROCKER LEROY.
1212 Haynes Avenue, San Diego, Cal.

A Malodorous Dainty.

As a rule things that are good to eat possess an appetizing smell; but there is one remarkable exception—the durian, a fruit native to the East.

The durian has an odor that can be compared only to a mixture of old cheese and onions, flavored with turpentine; but those who eat it love it so dearly that the smell does not bother them. The naturalist Wallace says that to "eat durians is a new sensation, worth a voyage to the East to experience." Over three centuries ago, Linschoten, the Dutch voyager, declared that it surpasses in flavor "all the other fruits of the world."

The durian weighs about five pounds, nearly one-third of which is edible pulp, and about one-sixth of which is edible seeds; the sugar contents is over 12 per cent., and it contains the same amount of starch besides. The tree is magnificent and stately, and grows usually in open country, in the edges of forests, round native villages and in clearings.

It can hardly be called a cultivated tree; at least, it is hardly ever grown in orchards, although, on the other hand, it could hardly hold its own in the real wild. Throughout Malaysia it is considered the most delicious fruit. Europeans, of course, and Americans, too, generally revolt at the unpleasant odor; a fair proportion of the foreign residents soon grow to relish the durian. Although it would not be wise, perhaps, for one unaccustomed to the fruit to eat a large quantity of the pulp at one sitting, there is apparently no substance in it that would cause indigestion or any other result than a rather unpleasant breath for a few hours after eating.

The chemical body, which is responsible for the very pronounced odor, is probably one of the sulphur compounds with some base perhaps similar to that of butyric acid. Harvesting the durian is not unattended with danger, for soon after it becomes mature the heavy fruit falls, and occasionally injures the unlucky individual who happens to be underneath.

The Philippine Coast Line.

Deep-sea sailors used to laugh at their brother mariners of the coastwise trade, and refer to them as men who "like to go to sea when they could get home to dinner." This gibe would have little point in the Philippines, the coast line of which has been found to measure more than 11,000 miles—to be exact, 11,511 statute miles. In the Philippines there is one mile of coast to every ten miles of area, the total area of the islands being 115,026 square statute miles.

These figures are interesting when it is considered that the ratio in the United States is 232 square miles of area to one mile of coast line. The figures for the United States have reference to the coast line of the main part of the country, including islands lying near the coast, but not including noncontiguous territory such as Alaska and Porto Rico. The coast line of the United States so measured, with what the experts call "three-mile steps," is 13,026 miles, less than 2000 miles in excess of the coast line of our eastern possessions.

No Word for Love.

It is impossible to "kick" a man in French. You must give him a "blow with the foot." The Portuguese do not "wink" at one; they "close and open the eyes."

In the languages of many semi-civilized tribes there is no word with which to convey the idea of "stealing," perhaps because the idea of property is so vague. It is related of one of the early missionaries that, in attempting to translate the Bible into Algonquin, he could find no word to express "love," and was compelled to invent one.

Saturday, August 3, 1916.

Strange Sport.

CURIOUS METHODS OF THE CHINESE IN FISHING AND HUNTING.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Foreign sportsmen in China have always observed with curious interest the maneuvers of native fishermen and hunters. When, for instance, the Chinese gather a harvest of mussels and winkles, they go about it in an extraordinary manner. In the first place, the fishermen are dressed like hunters, in flowing costume, consisting of a cow-skin coat and stockings all in one piece, with the hair turned inside.

The only openings in the garment, into which the wearers have worked their way feet foremost, are at the neck and cuffs, which are securely tied before the men enter the water. The fishermen wade in up to their necks. As soon as their feet come in contact with any of the shellfish, which seem to lie in beds, the men loosen them as well as they can from the muddy bottom of the creek, and then bring up the catch in a grasp net.

Another novel form of fishing is a common sight in China. Two small boats move parallel with each other, about thirty feet apart. A line about sixty feet long, to which small, unbaited hooks are attached about four inches apart, is fastened at each end to a stick, and these sticks are held by a man in each boat. As the boats move slowly along, first one man and then the other gives his stick a jerk. As soon as the hooks strike anything the line is gradually hauled in, and almost invariably with success. It is said that fish are "struck" four times out of five, and many of the specimens are from half a pound to two or more pounds. China is the only country in the world where fish are caught with unbaited hooks.

An American sportsman tells of an incident he witnessed at the well-known Shaba, or lower barrier, of Nando Creek, in North China. A native shooter had his gong with him—a most uncanny-looking weapon. That there might be no question as to its length, it was placed upright alongside the American. It exceeded his height by two feet two inches, making the piece of ordnance over eight feet in length. Sportsmen in this country sometimes complain of the weight of their guns—six and one-half to seven and one-half pounds. So it is astonishing to behold a Chinese hunter carrying a twenty-four pound gun all day long.

This particular native was accompanied by a small, odd-looking animal, which, the foreigner was assured, was a dog. Observation of the hunter and the dog at work made a deep impression upon the stranger.

A hen pheasant happened to drop into a furrowed field at feeding time. The native took her bearings, crept up as closely as he safely could, put down his gun on a bit of higher ground, and kept it trained on the bird. Meantime the dog lay down across the barrel of his gun, thus serving as a screen for his master. When the proper moment had arrived the man fired, the bird was killed upon the ground, and the dog remained on the barrel until the master took up the gun to reload.

The Cultivation of Cloves.

Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth.

A clove tree begins to bear at the age of 10 years, and continues until it reaches the age of 75 years. There are two crops a year, one in June and another in December.

The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large, oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the ends of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red.

Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich, dark color that proclaims them ready for shipment.

In this country, as well as in England, cloves are used almost wholly as condiment, but in France they are employed largely in the manufacture of certain liquors; and to some extent they are used in medicine on account of their tonic properties.

Saturday, August 6, 1910.

A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR BRINGS A MESSAGE.

His Gift. By May C. Ringwalt.

NOW that the first shock of his wife's death was over, the first acute grief became the dull ache of habit, the thing that hurt most was the thought of the little he had been able to do for Annie while she was alive.

For Joe Benson, gentle-mannered, sweet-tempered to the heart's core, honest as a summer day is long, was one of that numberless band of average men who hew the world's wood and carry the world's water most faithfully and painstakingly; but he entirely lacked the power of initiative that springs and snatches opportunity—the combative-ness that forces a way through the crowd of obstacles besetting business life to ultimate success.

So all the eighteen years since their marriage, although they had "managed somehow," it had been a constant struggle to make both ends meet.

At least he had shared. If every cent had to count, he had walked to save car fare, and carried a cold lunch from home instead of going to a restaurant. Since they could not afford a servant, he had always got up early in the morning to light the fire and bring in the day's supply of coal and wood. When Buddy had a night attack of croup, or Alicia earache, he had never failed to take his turn in ministering to the little sufferer's needs.

Yet, now when he sat alone brooding over it in the desolate evenings, with Rob at night school, and Lucie, with a woman's cares upon her girl-shoulders, putting the younger children to bed, it seemed to him that the heaviest part of the burden had always fallen upon Annie; that whenever there was any real sacrifice it had been Annie who did without.

It was hard enough that she should die so soon—barely 43—but harder still that he could not have made her life happier while she was here—have taken her to the theater now and then, sent her away summers for a rest and a change, given her the pretty clothes that mean so much to a woman.

Gerard hurried across the hall-mill of time his pocket. This came a few minutes and huddled his hope. But then he would have given his life to see his own meaning into the discouraging lines

of the letter he found the Solent's shop still open. He had expected to be called back to his own wife, but he did not do this.

Even at the end he had not been able to give her anything, not so much as a word of love to light her way as she went out into the darkness; for, as though anxious to save the worry and expense of a last illness, she had slipped away quietly in her sleep.

A quick, sharp ring of the door-bell rasped upon his nerves. Another call of condolence! People meant well, but how he shrank from the ordeal.

With a deep-drawn sigh, Benson rose and went to answer the summons.

"I just ran in to give you these," a common but kindly voice greeted him, as he opened the door to a hatless woman with a buxom figure and a very florid, double-chinned face, "for Annie," added the common voice in a softened tone.

Mr. Benson took the bunch of fragrant, beautiful clusters of lilac held out to him, a puzzled, bewildered look upon his face.

"Tomorrow, bein' Sunday, I calculated you'd be goin' out to the cem'tery," she explained, "and I wanted she should have the first pickin'. For days," she went on, with eager pride, "I've been waitin' an' watchin' them bushes in our back yard a-buddin' an' gettin' ready to bloom. Lilacs was her favorite flower, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered the husband.

"It was kind of you to bring them, Mrs. Cummins. Won't you come in and sit down?"

She hesitated; then, just as he was hoping she would plead Saturday was too busy a night, she entered the small patch of hall and turned toward the living-room door.

"I've been wantin' to talk to you ever since Annie's death," she said, gently, "but by she couldn't bear bein' separated. I didn't like to be intrudin' on you at a time when I knew you'd rather be left to yourself."

And, as Benson drew up a chair for her, his surprise at her delicacy of feeling brought to mind his resentment at having this ordinary woman for next-door neighbor, and Annie's loyal persistence that there was nothing common about Eliza Cummins's soul.

"My wife thought very highly of you, Mrs. Cummins," he said, kindly.

"And I thought a lot of her, Mr. Benson," she answered in a moved voice.

"She was one of the rare kind of women whom

it's a privilege to know. Sweet and delicate and dainty, like the lilacs she was so fond of—lilacs that only bloom a little while

once in the whole year. We were both too

busy to see much of each other, and yet it seems like I miss her every minute of the day. But I didn't come here to talk about my feelin', but to bring you a message from Annie."

Only Joe Benson's habit of kindness restrained him from an irritated retort. At any time he had small patience with spiritualism, with the cheapness of table rappings and so-called communications with the dead. And in connection with his Annie it seemed a desecration.

"I can guess what other people have been tellin' you," continued the next-door neighbor, taking an entirely different tack from what he had anticipated, "for I went through it all myself when J. B. Cummins died. They've been talkin' about your loss bein' her gain. Been makin' you feel, whether they put it into words or not, that considerin' the hard-workin' life she led, her few pleasures, and the worries she had constantly on her mind, that death was a sort of relief. Now, you can take it as though it came straight from Annie—if she'd had a mite of choice in the matter, she'd have givin' himself to his wife in little every-

day, lovin' kindnesses."

either, but because you made her so happy. "Do you really think so?" he asked, wistfully.

She nodded and smiled.

"I'm sure of it. From what I've heard her say, and from my own feelin's about J. B. Cummins. Why, Annie and me was never together ten minutes at a time that it wasn't 'Joe this' and 'Joe that.' I suppose I'm a sentimental goose," she'd say, again and again, "but he's such an old dear. Husbands of some of my married girl friends," she'd go on, smilin' the loveliest sort of a smile, "have given their wives a lot more things, maybe—big, beautiful houses and servants, and automobiles, and the like—but Joe is always givin' me himself, and in a woman's life, it's that what counts."

"She said that?" asked Joe Benson, his face shining.

"Yes, and meant it, too," answered the next-door neighbor, with conviction. "I think Annie talked more free with me than with most, because she knew I'd understand. I don't want to intrude personal history on you, Mr. Benson," she added, apologetically, "but when J. B. and me was a young married couple we had a mighty hard struggle. One winter I remember in partic'lar, when the child'en was sickly and J. B. out of work, and I forced to take in washin'. Yet, believe me, Mr. Benson, if I could have J. B. back, I'd give up my nice home and my new red plush parlor furniture, and the three clubs I belong to, and everything, without so much as turmin' a hair a-hesitatin'."

She paused to wipe away a tear, slowly coursing down one of the florid, fat cheeks.

"So you can take it as a message straight from Annie, Mr. Benson," she repeated, earnestly, as she rose to go, "that in a woman's life, it's not things that count for her real, genuine happiness, but the man she's in that room now, just as I told you."

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With the Assistance of the Landslide.

BY GERTRUDE OVERGAARD.

GÉRARD walked the length of Barbara Westbar's stiffly-furnished parlor and back again before he halted in front of her and announced, "I must start back tomorrow."

Barbara, who was removing her motor coat, dropped her arms and the coat fell to the floor. "Tomorrow?"

"Thursday is the first. The colonel has extended my leave twice. I must go."

Rebecca Blucher, the faithful companion of Barbara's widowhood, gathered up the motor things and carried them out.

"Thursday—is the first." Barbara seated herself on one of the stiff chairs, and was suddenly as abstracted as she had been impulsive. "No doubt my brother needs you."

Gerard had learned to respect her periods of abstraction with silence, but this was his last night. He pulled a chair forward, without taking his eyes from hers. "The colonel has been a trump to let me stay as long as this. He worries about you being here alone. Barbara, may I come back soon?"

"Why not?" She avoided his eyes. "You have given us a delightful visit."

"It has been more than that to me." He forced her to look at him. "Let me come back to you in the fall."

"No—no!" Barbara pulled away. "I can't marry. I mustn't! Don't speak of it."

Gerard followed her to the center-table and leaned on it while he pleaded. "Barbara, you are—lonesome. I can't bear to leave you. This room, everything here, is depressing." He threw out his hand to include the flowered carpet, the marble mantel, the prismed chandelier, unchanged for a decade. "Let me take you south with me—now. Think of the colonel, of yourself—of me! And life on the Isthmus isn't so bad. In five years Colheda will be a city. The canal brings the world to us. Come with me, Barbara."

She turned the plain band of her wedding ring. So complete was her abstraction that Gerard doubted whether she heard him.

Her white arms showed through a net of lace; her cheeks were soft; her hair shone. Never was she more alluring than in her moments of isolation, which so completely shut him out.

"I can't change," she said, when he had aroused her by a second appeal to marry him and leave the somber house of her widowhood. "This place and its furniture are my past. I belong to them."

"Belong to a lot of old-fashioned junk," cried Gerard, indignation conquering caution. "You belong to sun, air, light, as truly as a bird belongs in a treecrop. What are these sun-parlors I see on the newer houses? You need one of those. I'll build you one, Barbara."

He renewed his plea, but could not win her to the responsiveness of the hours they had spent motoring over the picturesque hills surrounding Arbortown.

"If I disregard the claims of my past, I should hate myself," she said, finally. "I dare not forget." She lifted his hand to her lips, but when he sprang to possess her she ran from the room, dropping the heavy curtains behind her.

Gerard threw himself forward to follow, but felt his arm clutched sharply.

"I was in the next room, and couldn't help hearing." Rebecca Blucher's severe face relaxed only to harden again. "You might as well know that it won't do any good to oppose her. I found that out when I first came here four years ago, the month after her husband died. I've argued for getting rid of this old furniture, for having the house painted, and I've tried to get her to go out among folks and cheer herself up, but it has been no use. You won't change her, Capt. Gerard. She's too set."

Rebecca placed herself carefully on a gilt chair. "I thought first she was going to give up to you," she continued, "but the last two or three nights"—she jerked a thumb in the direction of the curtains and lowered her voice—"she's been staying in there all night.

or you'd go, and carrying on as bad as ever."

Gerard smoothed with his flat palm a certain unreliable lock of his hair. The situation was hot one which he would have chosen, but his interest in Barbara compelled him to continue it. He took the chair opposite.

"Carrying on," he repeated. "In what particular way do you mean?"

"Everybody might not call it that." She tucked her handkerchief into the black belt of her dress. "But I do. When a woman gets so set on being true to her husband that she broods over all that's left of him, I call it carrying on. Other folks has had husbands and lost them." Rebecca's near-sighted eyes blinked, consciously. After a flourish of her black-bordered handkerchief, she leaned forward, mysteriously. "I'll bet she's in that room now, just as I told you."

Gerard leaned back with narrowed eyes. "So that's it?"

"That's it, and no wonder you're shocked. So was I at first. So was she herself, for that matter, when she came downstairs the day after the funeral and found the urn there on the shelf. She wouldn't go near it, or even into the room for quite a while afterward, but being alone in her black clothes got her to thinking that all there is left for her is the remembrance of their life together. Paying her debt to the past," she calls it."

"Can't you get her out into the air—have her see people? Anything would be better than such brooding."

"No, I can't. When you came I had given up trying to do anything with her. She's got into the habit of standing in front of that mantel with the urn in her hands, while she gazed into the fire. I was surprised that she went out in that car with you. She was just carried out of herself by some—it won't be of any use."

Gerard shook hands. "At least, I know you won't work against me," he said. "For breathing room, his hand deep in the pocket—

you're right—I won't give up." He slid over and the trimmings of his white coat, his unshaved forehead clouded by a frown. Rebecca moved toward the door, beckoning him.

Mechanically he followed her black figure to the end of the hall where she stood in the shadow of another curtain. Beyond it he would see Barbara.

He lifted the velour and peered into the semidarkness confronting him. At the movement of the curtain, a string of tiny beads which ornamented it tinkled.

Hearing the sound, Barbara sprang to return to the mantel the urn she was holding. Gerard watched her, unable to move, although Rebecca pulled his coat insistently.

In her haste to return the urn to its place, Barbara struck it against the marble mantel and its broken fragments fell through her fingers into the grate. She stooped, screaming, to save them, but they sank into the ashes and blue flames shot over them.

In that moment Gerard sprang forward, but too late to save her. With a moan, Barbara had fainted. A weird, little ghost, she lay with outspread, appealing hands extended to the whitening embers.

"It will be best for her not to see me." The danger was past and Gerard was leaving, certain that his presence, then, would only injure his final chances with the woman he loved.

Rebecca had followed him to the drive and stood folding the paper on which he had scribbled his address.

"The whole thing's a pity, Capt. Gerard," she pronounced. "Principally, because I know you don't mean to give her up. But you might as well. If you were as dead as he is you might stand a chance of her loving you, but as long as you're alive—"

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thought that Is-naki-yap-i was a ventriloquist; but—"

"It's fully 400 feet to the jail," finished Cantrell.

As the men gathered around the wood stove in the Sheriff's office they looked curiously around. Grotesque shadows danced on the wall as some one opened the stove door to throw in more wood. Dark and wavering shadows came out from and receded into the corners of the room.

The cards were dealt but the game was started listlessly, for the voice never ceased. Presently it was supplemented with the rising wind and a dash of rain rattled the loosely fitting windows.

"Now we can get to 'rocking,'" said Gray, as the rain increased.

"It'll be a fine day to hang them Injuns," croaked Timothy Cantrell.

He had scarcely closed his lips when a roar, a rattle of thunder, shook the building. Flash after flash of lightning played from dark horizon to darker zenith as the sun, with startled eyes, looked into the night.

"Holy Mither," groaned Cantrell. "Whoever before knew t'under in the Black Hills? The devil's broke loose!"

"Eula, you mean?" Hawkins found himself saying. "Hark! What's that?"

"Is-naki-yap-i!" gulped Sumner Gray, white to the lips.

"Now will mine enemies be overcome!" the Indian chanted from the far cell. "Eula! Eula! Come on the wind! Come on the water! Bring death to my people's destroyers!"

Hawkins hurried out of the room. Stop that invitation of disaster he would, or know the reason why! As he hurried down the hall the earth suddenly seemed torn asunder. His lamp was torn from his hand by a fierce gust of wind.

"My God! There's been a cloudburst in the mountains," he heard Gray exclaim. "See," Sumner went on, "see the water? We're in the path of the stream!"

Even before the Sheriff could return or advance the outer door swung open and a wild swirl of rain and wind rushed in. Then a fearful blackness appeared—a stupendous wall of water; and pandemonium reigned within and without the Deadwood jail.

Frightful, swift, sure, Eula Ubeta rode on the crest of the turgid flood, which gained momentum as it rushed down the steep river bed, no longer able to contain the current. As she sang the song of death miners' cabins, stores, saloons, houses, jail—all were swept along with the avenging waters.

All night the tempest raged. The ories

of the drowning and the maimed mingled with the triumphant shout of the inexorable spirit. Until the watery dawn the cry of "Washta! Washta! Eula Ubeta!" was heard above the roar of the torrent and the shrieks of the victims. To this day old-timers shudder when they recall the night of horror through which they were fortunate enough to live.

Jeanne, the Sheriff's loved one, was among the spared. The hotel had escaped, although she, of all its occupants, was unmolested. Her father and the boarders had left the house early in the storm to render what assistance they could to those nearer the river; and all were dead when Eula Ubeta's toll was reckoned.

The agony of years seemed to have passed over the once blithe and happy girl during the hours when she knew not whether her lover was alive, dead, or borne away on the wings of the vindictive maiden Eula.

For hours she searched, always affirming, "Love is stronger than hate! I love him! I can save him!"

Miles below the townsite she went. Dead and dying lay all about; the wrecks of many homes filled the gulch. Great trees and massive boulders made the search almost impossible; but—at last, she discovered him—was he dead?

It would seem so. White and still, with

no trace of breath issuing from his blue lips, he lay, half-buried beneath the debris. With incredible strength Jeanne lifted the wreckage, pushed aside Sumner Gray's stark body; shuddered at the bruises on Timothy Cantrell's face and arms; tore and tugged to release her lover.

When at last she had him free she flung herself beside him and with clasping arms and lips pressed close to his she fought for his life, as she had fought for his body. With tender words she addressed him; with reminders that she was depending on him, and him alone; with love unbounded she worked—and prayed. And still no response!

"Val!" she cried, close to his ear. "Val! Hear me! Love is stronger than hate. Eula's hate cannot harm you—for I love you. I love you, Val! Do you hear me?"

The head nodded. Then, in a moment Hawkins sighed, opened his eyes, and whispered: "Jeanne! You here?"

Mrs. Hawkins told me this story. Her husband cannot be induced to speak of the matter; for, although every other person in Deadwood was accounted for after the cloudburst, either alive or dead, not one of the Indians who were to have been hanged at daylight was ever found.

Love That Survived Until the Last.

BY NELLE EVELYN BAILEY.

FIERCELY and scorchingly the sun beat down. The earth cried aloud for moisture in crackling and shuddering complaints. The trees and grasses shriveled and shrank in it but the man dragged his meager possessions far into the sheltering cave, and gathered fuel. Days he had worked tirelessly hoarding against the time when the skies should weep.

He knew, he did not know how or what he knew, but as the wild things in the forest he felt the coming of a great storm. A great horror!

And the woman knew. Ceaselessly she labored, drying the flesh which the man brought to her on cleverly constructed platforms high out of harm's way. She gathered roots and herbs and berries, dried them and stored them carefully in the cave, using only sparingly against the time of greater need.

Hers it was to secure the tiny morsel of humanity to her shoulders and catch the fish for drying.

Sometimes when a lusty fish was troublesome she would lay the baby on the mossy bank, cast her single garment of fur beside it, and young, supple, brown body of her would flash in the water quick and graceful as the very trout which would soon lie gasping beside the kicking, laughing baby.

The man watching her thus one day when he had returned earlier than usual, empty handed, wondered. Why had she come to him? Others had wanted her—fought for her, but she had fled, coming straight to him as he sat one night within the rosy circle of light from his fire in the cave's mouth. When he saw her he had risen, holding out his arms and she had walked unhesitatingly into them.—And now—

He walked down to the water's edge, his lithe limbs graceful and strong in their sheaths of brown skin, and smiled lovingly at her as he gathered up her morning's catch, and swinging the babe lightly to his shoulder as he did so. He always carried her burdens, never explaining, just silently lifting them as he smiled deep into her eyes. She wondered, too, about him. Other men she had known never did that. Their women were the beasts of burden.

She did not understand; but she liked the things he did for her and showed her appreciation now as she pressed the hard muscles of his arm with her fingers, then with the warm red lips, and the smile he gave her caused the rich blood to mount to her brow.

But they were silent, these two; more so now since the dread of a great "something" was hovering, ever nearer. Often now in the night when the pale star-shine sifted through the arches of the great trees, or the blue-black obscurity shrouded them and the menacing cry of some beast of prey chilled them they sat close together, she clasping the baby and he clasping them both while an unspeakable horror held them dumb.

Thus the days passed and the terrible nights. Terrible because they could feel more acutely the nearing presence of the "thing."

Days now in which no glint of sunshine

wavered. Gray, dull, lifeless, and nights thick and black and threatening until at last the steady patter, patter of the rain broke the dull monotony of the silence.

Quietly day by day, and night after night, the rain fell. Not fiercely in passionate outpouring or gusts, just steadily, interminably! It would never cease!

The dread and fear in their eyes needed no spoken word to confirm their terror as they, listlessly, as without hope, dragged their hoarded stores farther within the cave and piled them higher.

And the baby cried. It was damp and cold in the cave; the fire failed to dispel the bloom—it only smoked.

The man been gone since dawn, and it was almost black night again. The woman was almost frantic, but only her great fear-filled eyes disclosed it. A snake she had found coiled within the cave and for hours she had battled with it, killing the thing at last and dragging the great black length of it outside.

Now she held the baby with one arm while she roasted strips of meat for the man's meal when he should return, and at last—she saw him coming wet and sodden through the murk and rain.

The welcoming light of love and gladness shone in her eyes as she smiled at him and he kissed her. Then he squatted beside the tiny fire and ravenously devoured the food she had prepared. Finally, his hunger appeased, he spoke: "Noah has built a great ark. It is floating high and dry. In it are stored huge quantities of food and drink and—" A glad light leaped into her eyes and her red lips parted eagerly as she started forward. He did not say this as it is written; perhaps you and I could have understood not one sound or gesture, but it was plain to the slender little cave woman, as the new hope in her face portayed. "But, no," he said, and his face darkened, "not for us, dear; it is for Noah and his wife and sons and their wives. Then for the beasts, the birds and the reptiles—a pair of each—but not for us nor our tiny babe. No, we must perish! Dear one, had you become the mate of Noah's son, as they desired, you would now be safe."

"And you?" she questioned.

"Me? It would have mattered not about me if you were safe," he said. But she crept to his side and nestled her dark head on his shoulder, saying, "I had rather be yours and here in danger than safe with them." He caught her to him passionately, almost cruelly, and held her so a long, long time, silently.

The night wore away, and the gray dawn of another day, with its curtain of falling rain, came cheerlessly. Days and nights passed, but always the rain fell. The river in which they were wont to gambol—diving in its limpid depths or splashing in its shallows—was now a brown, foam-flecked torrent rushing past, hungrily devouring everything within its grasp, and creeping, ever creeping, nearer their cave home.

Then after one night of unspeakable horror, in which they were compelled to remain awake to drive back or slay the animals and reptiles which sought shelter in the cave, they found the muddy, murky water almost to the mouth of their retreat.

Hastily, frantically, the man set to work binding and lashing together the logs of wood he had gathered for fuel, while the woman packed wood into the rude baskets she had fashioned. All day they labored. It was arduous work building a raft with all lengths of timbers and lashings of strips of bark and thongs of hides, while, inch by inch, the terrible black water was creeping nearer.

Now it was just within the mouth of the cave. An hour hence and it had come a foot within. Then two feet. At last, when daylight was almost gone and water had drowned the fire, making it hiss and sizzle, he placed the baby in the mother's arms, where she sat huddled and shivering upon the raft, and pushed off into the turgid black waters.

Such a period of nightmare horrors! So black was the night when it fell that not an object was to be seen. Hardly could they perceive where the earth left off and the sky began, and always the hiss and swirl of the angry flood about them.

He had lashed his dear ones fast to the raft, as had he the food and pelts. Otherwise they would have been swept away, for each moment, first from one side or the other, front or rear, would come the thud and crash of some object careening into them, or a wash of black water. Desperately he fought to keep his precious freight afloat.

Frequently through the blackness would come the cry of animal or human in anguish, despair or death, and once something struck the raft and clung, submerging that side. They righted, and when the welcome light of day drove back the shadows they saw clinging there a great tawny beast, its eyes full of such terror that they in pity let it remain.

As long as they clung to the raft the big cat sat there silently snatching food they flung to it, but never trying to molest them.

And the rain—always the rain falling! The skins and food had washed away; the baby, whose pitiful little wail had cut into their hearts through the terrible night, was quiet now. Desperately the mother pressed the little form against hers to warm it. Long ago she had wrapped her only garment about it. Futilely she placed the breast against the cold blue lips. All in vain. At last she held the little thing up toward the father and said, in a quiet, colorless voice, "I cannot warm him; he is dead." And the father nodded with hard, unseeing eyes. "It is better," he said, while she gazed down at her dead baby.

And the day wore on. Shortly after night had again shrouded everything in dripping blackness, the raft, which would scarcely hold together now, struck some solid ob-

ject. The man, snatching the woman in his arms, leaped in time to gain a foothold upon a ledge, and the raft, with the big cat, swept on. It proved to be a shelf of rock projecting from the face of a high boulder in the river's bed, and was as yet above the water. On it was clinging somehow a dwarfed and twisted tree. It was to this that the man clung as he held his wife and dead baby out of reach of the grasping waters.

All night in the cold downpour they clung there. Daylight found them numb and nearly perished. Then the woman, with stiffened fingers, secured the wrappings of fur about the baby form with thorns from the dwarfed tree. Carefully, tenderly, she let the wee thing slip from her arms into the angry leaping water, which greedily swallowed it up.

Shivering and almost lifeless she pressed her body closer to his for the warmth he could not give, and still they clung while the water surged higher and higher.

In the distance she saw something moving, something huge and bulky. He saw it, too, and for an instant the light of hope sprang to their meeting eyes, then died. It was the Ark. They knew, and the question in his eyes that he would not voice she answered: "I'd rather die with you."

Suddenly the rain ceased. A rent was torn in the thick clouds as though some impatient hand had ripped them apart, and the sun, glorious and golden, shone through. But a mighty wave, a wall of water, was sweeping unseeable upon them and as they lifted their eyes in silent giving toward the warm light the waters engulfed them, sweeping them from their narrow footing. With arms about one another and lips close pressed together they went down while the sun gilded the angry flood which closed over them—and the Ark swept safely on.

Why Fish Have White Bellies.

There is no phenomenon of nature that escapes the investigating eye of science. Experiments have been made with flounders to determine whether the whiteness of the under sides of those fish is due to the exclusion of light, and the presence of color on their upper sides to exposure to light.

Fish have been kept in a glass tank having a mirror placed beneath it, so as to reflect light upon their under sides. One of these prisoners survived for three years under conditions so strangely different from its ordinary habits of life, and it exhibited the development of spots or pigments on its lower surface.

The experimenters have reached the conclusion that it is exposure to light that causes the coloration of the upper parts of the bodies, not only of flounders, but of other fish, and, conversely, that it is the comparative absence of light that the whiteness of the under side is due. They extend the same principle to explain the colorless condition of the skins of many animals that pass all their lives in caves.

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INSULT ADDED TO INJURY TURNS THE TIDE

In Case of Emergency. By Horatio Winslow.

HE reached the drug store at the corner of Main and High just as the tail-lights of the lone car whisked around the curve.

"They run every twenty minutes," volunteered a belated resident of Surfdale, "but I guess you'll miss the 10:10 local to New York."

The young doctor kicked the curb. He felt that he did not care whether he ever got back to New York or anywhere else. "Blight it all!" he snapped under his breath.

He did not blame the girl for discouraging his advances. The tasteful, expensive furniture of the suburban home, the white-capped maid, the revelation that father and mother were out in the new car—all these had been proofs of the social desert that lay between them.

But in all she said or did, she unconsciously indicated another barrier. What bond could unite a woman reared like a hot-house plant with a man who had strangled half of his finer nature in a bare-handed battle for the right to live? How could he hope to appeal to a woman whose adoring parents had brought her to maturity blase and weary of the world?

But the worst of it all was that in spite of everything he still loved—

"You Dr. Steward?" boomed a voice at his elbow. He turned suddenly to see the shirt-sleeved druggist in the doorway. He nodded.

"Well, you're wanted on the 'phone. Party said I might catch you here waiting for a car. It's a hurry-up case."

He walked toward the booth wondering. Except for Miss Lexcraft and her parents, he was unknown in Surfdale. "Hello!"

"Hello, Doc!" The voice had a full-bodied masculine ring. "My name's Caffrey, buildin' contractor—see? The hired girl called me, and m' wife over next door to the Lexcraft's. Miss Lexcraft's swallowed some kind of dope accidental, and we can't reach either of the Surfdale doctors."

"What has she taken?" The doctor's voice was unnaturally strong to conceal an anxious tremor that was shaking him.

"Some kinda sleepin' medicine, the hired girl says. Big dose. Accident, of course. M' wife."

The doctor interrupted. "I'll be there in a few minutes, Mr. Caffrey. Now, listen! Can you make coffee? Then go into the kitchen and make some—make it black and strong. Tell your wife to keep Miss Lexcraft awake. Have her rub her to keep the blood circulating. And give her some whites of eggs. Right away!" He slammed up the receiver and put an abrupt question to the druggist. "No? All right, then; give me some ipecac—and hurry!"

Less than sixty seconds later the doctor was dog-trotting down High street and wishing that he had been able to go in for long-distance runs at college instead of janitor work. It was dark, almighty dark, and when here and there the suburban sidewalk tired and quit for fifty feet or so, he had to pick his steps to keep from stumbling. But for all that he reached the Lexcraft's front door ahead of his own schedule.

A tearful, straggly-haired woman, with white cap awry, answered the bell. "Doctor, it was my fault! Please, doctor! I hadn't no business setting it there, and she thought it was her regular nervous medicine. Save her, doctor; please save her, doctor!"

He drew back the hand she clasped in both of hers. "Everything will be all right," he assured her. "You go back to Miss Lexcraft, and I'll be right in. Mr. Caffrey?"

A red-headed giant, sweating ostentiously, turned from the gas range. "Thank God, you're here, Doc! The wife and I are almost crazy. Coffee's coming fine, though."

"That's good. Keep it hot. Get me a wineglass full of water and peel your eye, Caffrey, for a flash of the real stuff."

On a davenport in the music-room lay Miss Lexcraft. Over her bent the maid and a little wisp of a woman who alternated face was a mixture of admiration and re-massage with prayer. The girl's eyes were proach.

closed, but on the white throat he could make out the faint registering of heartbeats. It had seemed frail before; now, more than ever, she suggested a delicate blossom screened from all rough winds. It took an effort to force on himself the realization that he was no longer suitor but physician.

He felt the drooping wrist. "How about the emetic?"

Mrs. Caffrey groaned. "She wouldn't swallow it."

"Never mind; I've brought something stronger. Don't go too hard, but try to wake her a bit."

The woman obeyed.

"Caffrey, it's up to you," he told the giant, as he mixed the powder in the wine-glass. "Keep the wires hot. Get the druggist again. I'll do all I can, but I want you to tell him to call up every doctor within ten miles. Where are her father and mother?"

"Willow Ridge, the hired girl says. I called up the rubie hotel there, but nobody's seen 'em yet."

"Try again, and stay with it. Then look around for the box or the bottle this sleeping potion came in."

In the music-room the girl wearily opened her eyes as he lifted her head. "I can't drink it," she wailed. "I can't, I tell you. Let me go to sleep."

The plaintive appeal in her voice cut him, but he set his jaws firmly. "You must drink it." He held the glass stubbornly at her lips till they opened and she had swallowed the bitter mixture. But a little later, when he stalked into the kitchen, his face wore the troubled sign.

"What's the matter, Doc?" asked Caffrey, anxiously. "Ain't everything comin' on all right?"

The doctor leaned on the table. His eyes looked unseeing into the black window. "She's sinking. I've tried all I know, but even the hypodermic's no good. For cases like this a man needs—" He stopped and went on again. "She's got to help me; she's got to make an effort to save herself. And she won't; she won't even try. . . . Did you get Willow Ridge?"

"Yes; the M. D.'s there in the hotel, ready to make the trip as soon as an auto comes."

Dr. Steward went doggedly back to the other room, to find a fainter pulse and a less visible breathing. Why didn't she do her share? Why didn't she try? As he looked at her, he realized suddenly that there was only one hope. He must put in her the will to live, even if he were forced to deal with her as they dealt with such cases at the hospital. It was his job, whether he wanted it or not, and he must see it through.

He drew a long breath, as a man does when he plunges into icy-cold water; then he slid his left arm under the girl's neck. "Wake up!" he commanded. "Open your eyes! Open them!"

The lids wavered and parted.

"You must wake up. Do you hear me? Are you going to wake up because I say so?"

A wave of reproach welled over him, but he stood firm until it ebbed and left him cold.

"Come, come, Miss Lexcraft!" he repeated, brutally. "Stop that shamming!"

Slowly, languidly, in a barely audible tone, came the words, "I don't want to wake up."

"Cut out that posing!" he snapped, as with gentle hands he raised her to a sitting posture.

"Let me lie down," she begged; "I want to go to sleep."

"You are going to do what I tell you! You are going to stay awake!" He turned to the maid: "You lift her on one side, and you, Mrs. Caffrey, on the other."

"Please, please!" she whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Chop that ingenue stuff! Being a damned little hypocrite won't get you anything with me."

As the words he spoke came back to his brain, he winced. What right had he to hurt this fragile creature, who had lived her life in a nest of silk and down? But the plan was succeeding. Her quickened heart action told him that Mrs. Caffrey's

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"Walk her a little—easy. Let her rest to kill myself." She stretched out her arms to him. "But now I want to live."

And, after a time, she said: "You'll tell Mary and Mrs. Caffrey that the things you accused me of last night were lies, won't you?"

The Lord Mayor's "Square Mile."

The powers and duties of the Lord Mayor of London, in presiding over his square mile of territory, present some curious features. Theoretically, at least, the consent of this important personage must be obtained before even the King may enter the city of London; at the same time, it may be

pointed out, the Lord Mayor spends a considerable portion of each morning disposing of petty offenders against the majesty of the law in the small area over which he rules.

Most of these are plain "drunks." Imagine the Mayor of any American city engaged in the dispensation of such Solomon-like justice.

The "city" in London comprises but one square mile, the greater part whereof is occupied by the great business houses that control finance. For instance, there is the Bank of England. Twenty-eight soldiers are detailed to guard the treasure within, but without it is still further watched, inasmuch as within the square mile mentioned there circulate no fewer than 1800 policemen. After 9 o'clock in the evening the silence of the streets there is broken only by the slow tread of these "bobbies." It would be a bold burglar, indeed, who attempted work in this well-guarded area.

The result of all this is that as downright criminals give the "city" a wide berth, the chief offenders huddle before the Lord Mayor in the morning are those who have looked upon the wine when it was red in the cup.

The Lord Mayor's salary is twice that of the Prime Minister. He receives as much pay as does our President. He is the highest salaried magistrate in the world.

It is not to be assumed, however, that, aside from disposing of the morning's "drunks," the Lord Mayor has nothing to do. One such official, who kept a record of his activities during the course of one year, has tabulated for our information such interesting figures in this relation. It appears that he attended 130 public and semi-public dinners, eighty-five balls and receptions, 365 meetings and committees. He delivered 1100 speeches and paid twenty state visits to churches.

When the above-mentioned class of duties militates against his dispensation of justice, a brother alderman takes the Lord Mayor's place on the bench.

My Day.

This day, I said, shall sacred be
To the untrammelled ecstasy
Known to the free.

No giv to thrall, no bond to bind
The restive body or the mind;
One with the wind!

One with the cloud, the spendrift; one
With the exalted sovereign sun;
Chains, fetters—none!

From grass and reed, from flower and fern,
Sweet secrecies for which I yearn
My sense shall learn.

The bee that builds the nectared comb,
With fragrance of the upturned loam,
Wild things that roam.

With these for solace, these for guide,
I shall be sane and satisfied,
What's'er betide.

My day shall round as from the swirl
Of waters, whorl on primay whorl,
The perfect pearl!

I shall go back through aisles of light,
As doth the truant bird from flight,
To Mother Night.

"Not wanting you!" It was the soul of
the man that spoke.

"—had been true," she went on,
patiently, "then I think I might have tried

—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.]

